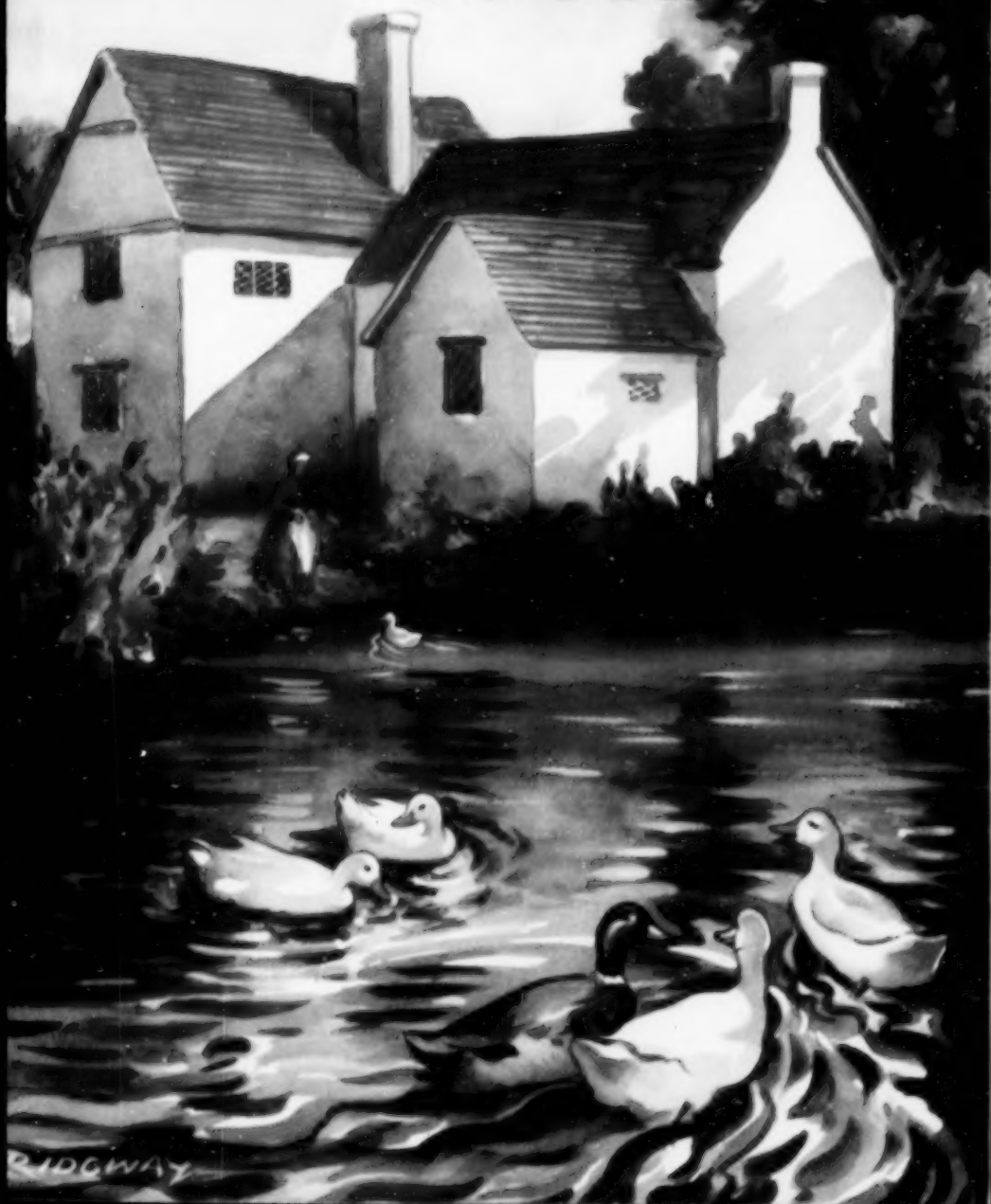


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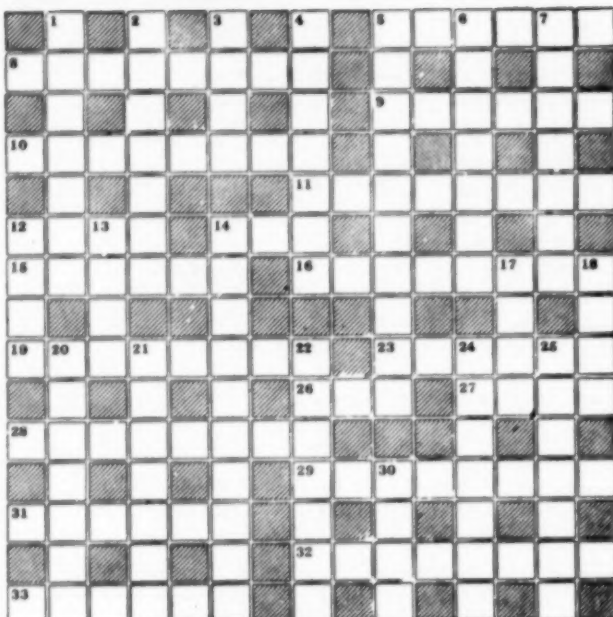


# CHAMBERS'S DICTIONARY

## CROSSWORD No. 14

### ACROSS

- 5 Very quiet at centre and lithe (6).
- 8 Heavily coated as 1 down may be (8).
- 9 An old love burns (6).
- 10 Girl imprisoned is wasted (8).
- 11 O wings, give us your views! (8).
- 12 And yellow, too, usually (4).
- 14 Backward knock for equality (3).
- 15 Dealer, but not at cards (6).
- 16 Supporter of the fallen angel (8).
- 19 Little Edward in circles reflects (8).
- 23 Parson the dog consumed (6).
- 26 Almost feline serum (3).
- 27 Confused maid in the centre (4).
- 28 Stuck out with an offensive conclusion (8).
- 29 Le chien L. with material meaning (8).
- 31 1096 and all that (6).
- 32 Alienate, mostly unusual (8).
- 33 Accent in our time made up for everything (6).



Composed by JOAN BENTON

19

### DOWN

- 1 Vessel which may go on most of itself (7).
- 2 Sounds as though a girl saw ungrammatically, but aromatically (7).
- 3 This is this (4).
- 4 Chiefs of the Press Gang (7).
- 5 Those are facts, numerically speaking (10).
- 6 Here you take a back seat (7).
- 7 Mourns with halting start (7).
- 12 May shine though screened (4).
- 19 Anti-social visit (4).

### DOWN (contd.)

- 14 For part of speech with backward month as declared (10).
- 17 I'm a thousand for a Mohammedan (4).
- 18 What you did at the line (4).
- 20 Sincere—more than a man (7).
- 21 Nor a lot for a finch. Quite a delicacy (7).
- 22 That is in short glasses for this kind of group (7).
- 24 Liberal root (7).
- 25 Husbandry—throughout youth? (7)
- 30 American food (4).

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Down: 1, Garage; 2, Stampede; 3, Plantain; 4, Genetic; 5, Toledo; 6, Loggia; 7, Transept; 14, Sham; 16, Tact; 18, European; 20, Nautical; 21, Marzipan; 23, Ostrich; 25, Merlin; 26, Envied; 28, Armies.

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# Kaim

R. N. STEWART

## I

IT was late one night when a Chandalar Indian woman came to the hospital at Fort Yukon. She was very exhausted and very sick, but next morning she gave birth to a daughter. She died soon after that event and on the same day.

Beyond the fact that she had come from the Chandalar river, nothing was known of her, and for the brief space she was in the hospital she never mentioned any personal history.

The fact that the child was born at the time of the full moon gave to her a name—Kaim. For the moment, there was nothing else that Kaim owned. She had no possessions, no relatives, and no need for either of these two doubtful assets.

She was a healthy infant, and no doubt gave the trouble, anxiety, and amusement that all infants of very tender age give to their guardians.

She remained at the hospital until she was two years old. Then she was adopted by an Indian family living in the Yukon Flats, just downstream from Circle City.

The hospital authorities provided her with

a generous outfit of clothing from stocks they hold just for such cases, and they knew the family to which she was going and were satisfied that she would have a good home by Indian standards.

There had been some discussion about where Kaim should go, because, though the Indians of central and northern Alaska are all Athabascan, divided into tribes, those round Fort Yukon being Takudh, different habits and characteristics have developed among the communities, and in some cases certain enmities, and the Chandalar (Natsit Kutchin) Indians are more individually inclined than are many of the others.

However, Joseph and his wife Anna were good people and respected. They looked after their own children as well as any Indian parents. Also, they lived not far away—about 100 miles—which enabled the hospital to keep an ear, rather than an eye, on Kaim.

Kaim was too young to care very much about parting from the nurses who had looked after her. In fact, the nurses were sadder than was Kaim herself. It might have been

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different if she had been the sole charge of one nurse. The child might then have looked upon that one nurse as a mother, but, as it was, she was saved from the pangs of separation from an individual, though she did feel the strangeness of the new surroundings.

THE home to which Kaim came might have seemed uncouth to people accustomed to modern conveniences. It consisted of some ramshackle huts tacked on to a central log-cabin. Many of the outbuildings were walled or patched with packing-case sides, old biscuit-tins, skins, and turf. Inside the main building there was a lack of order, and the place was none too clean. But in spite of all its faults, it was a house, it was warm, and weather-tight. Joseph its owner was proud of it. He, for an Indian, was prosperous. He was not in debt to the Northern Commercial Company, he had a store of dollars in a skin bag and a number of good pelts which at the local market-rate might fetch 2000 dollars.

At this time Kaim looked like any other Indian baby—an animate object wrapped in a bundle of fur, with two large dark-brown eyes and a button-nose, vaguely suggesting that the contents of the bundle was human.

Kaim was accepted in her new home without any obvious enthusiasm. Yet her reception was a kindly one. Her foster-brothers and foster-sisters considered her as just another baby. Anna and Joseph treated her as one of the family, and the other children did the same.

For the next few years no outstanding events occurred in her history. She was as tiresome, quarrelsome, likeable, and quaint as any child of her age. It was not until she was seven that she showed any difference in character from the other members of the family or from outside acquaintances. But at this age Joseph one day remarked: 'Kaim just lives with those puppies. She seems to talk to them.'

'Oh yes, she can talk with them and they to her. Kaim understands,' replied Ahtek, Joseph's eldest son.

Indians are never great talkers and, even in the family, conversation is apt to remain on a monosyllabic level, however united the family may be. So the fact that Kaim had been the cause of a discussion, though it was short, was in itself remarkable, and denoted some behaviour out of the ordinary.

In the summer of her eighth year Kaim

could usually be found sitting on the bank of the Yukon, close beside the family fish-wheel, with a pup or puppies beside her. She looked a rather dirty bundle of discarded clothing. But on a closer inspection she was seen to be small but stocky, and behind the dirt there was a lively little person, with remarkably penetrating eyes, now almost black, in marked contrast with her new front-teeth, which were the purest white. For most of her time she was occupied with the puppies, but in spite of this apparent concentration, no move of any bird or beast escaped her, and any unusual display excited her interest at once.

'KAIM, go and get some more ashes,' said Anna wearily. Kaim got up, threw down the old bone she had in her hand and went out of the lean-to, where she had been working at the back of the cabin. She was dressed in a tattered buckskin shirt, which had once been decorated with beads, but few of them now remained, and the garment was so greasy that it glistened. Her face, too, was greasy. Some of the grease was natural, and the rest came from the moose-hide she and Anna were tanning. Tanning was a wearisome job, and entailed a lot of hard rubbing with bones, wood-ash, and urine.

As soon as she was outside, Kaim stopped. She sniffed the evening air and listened. Suddenly she stiffened. A sound had registered in her mind, a sound so faint that only a wild animal or an Indian would have heard it. To most people it would not have meant very much, even if they had heard it, but to Kaim it meant a lot. Without bothering about the ashes, she jumped back into the shed and said: 'Joseph's coming, Anna—I heard the bells.'

'Ai, ai, did you? I hope he's had good hunting, because the river 'll freeze soon,' and she got up, stretched her cramped limbs, and came out.

Anna listened, but to her older ears no sound came, and she was inclined to think that Kaim had imagined the sound.

But Kaim said: 'There, can't you hear?'

Then after a little while Anna said: 'Yes, I think so. I'd better get the dinner ready. Kaim, never mind the ashes now. Go and see that the cache is ready and tie up any of the dogs that are loose. Then better go and meet Joseph.'

Far away as Joseph still was, the sound of the sled-bells had already told Kaim very

much more than the fact that Joseph was on his way home. She knew that the team was weary. This might be because of a heavy load, but it might also mean that the team had come a long way and was exhausted. It was early autumn, and though the trails were frozen they were not yet snow-covered, and even a light load in such conditions is hard going. Kaim knew also the direction from which the sled was coming and just where she would meet it at the rate it seemed to be moving. She paused two or three times on the way to the cache, just to gather news from the air, but even to her supersensitive ears there was now not much more to learn.

Having arrived at the cache, she went down the two or three steps, opened the door, and struck a sourdough match. She waited for the sulphur to burn out and then, as the little flame gave its short arc of light, she saw an empty pit with a few old and frozen sacks lying on the floor. These she stuffed away in a corner and then, feeling the cold of the place, she came out. She tied up two loose dogs and then listened again. By now she could hear the sounds plainly, so she ran back to Anna and said: 'I go to meet Joseph.'

'All right, Kaim. Tell Ahtek if you see him to bring in some wood.'

Ahtek, about thirteen years old at this time, had gone out earlier with a .22 rifle looking for snowshoe rabbits, willow grouse, or any other small game that he might happen across. Kaim knew more or less where he was, but she was not going to waste time looking for him, as she felt that Joseph might need her help more than Anna needed Ahtek's. So, taking a rifle and some ammunition she went off.

TO say that Kaim walked would not be the right word. Her gait was a sort of cross between an amble, a slouch, and a glide. It did not look graceful, but it was very efficient; she covered the ground quickly and almost in complete silence. She appeared to have an uncanny instinct in avoiding branches growing or lying dead on the ground. Her moccasined feet always seemed to go just in the right spot, yet she never appeared to look where she was going to put them. Her eyes were fixed ahead as far as the growth allowed and they missed nothing on either side as she travelled. Here the trail was plainly marked and her gaze had nothing to do with finding the way; it was merely the acute awareness of the professional

hunter. She would stop every now and again to listen, but she always stopped in places where she was covered from view, yet open enough for extraneous sounds not to get themselves dimmed or lost in the trees.

Kaim saw a number of rabbits and once a covey of willow grouse sitting in a birch-tree, a belated porcupine and an odd black squirrel, but she did not shoot at any of them. She was not after game and her rifle remained in its beaded moose-skin case slung over her left shoulder. She carried it from habit, rather as a city financier carries an umbrella on a fine day. Perhaps it was not quite so pointless a tool as the umbrella, because in the wild there are unexpected moments when a firearm may prove useful.

Kaim met Joseph about two miles out. The natural taciturnity to which all Indians are subject did not permit Kaim or Joseph to show any emotion, fond as they were of each other. Kaim saw at once that there were only five dogs harnessed in the team, so something was wrong. There should have been seven, which is the usual number. 'Good hunting?' asked Kaim.

'H'm, not bad.'

'What's wrong with Tala?' asked Kaim.

'Him hurt by bear, and Tuket dead.'

Kaim saw that Tala was wrapped up and being carried on the sled, and the fact that Joseph had wrapped him up in his own wolf-robe meant that the dog was sorely hurt.

'Don't look at him now—we get along home,' said Joseph.

'How much meat you got?' asked Kaim.

'Six caribou on the sled, but I cached nine more up the river.'

There was no need to explain the reason to Kaim. Fifteen caribou would have been far too great a load for the sled, even with a full and fresh team and a good-surfaced trail. So it was clear that Joseph would have to go back for the rest and raft them down the river. They said no more to each other, but continued the journey home. Joseph took up his whip, cried 'Mush', and the team went slowly homewards.

BEFORE they got to the cabin, the dogs at the camp indulged in the usual symphony of barks and growls, but the incoming team were too weary to respond.

As soon as they stopped, Anna came out and asked after the hunt for the winter's meat

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—after all, it was a matter of supreme importance to the whole family. Having reported, Joseph turned to Kaim and said: 'Kaim, take Tala and look after him. Here, he's too big for you to carry, I'll give you a hand.' Joseph knew that, even among Indians, Kaim had an almost miraculous way with dogs. How she had acquired it was a mystery, because she had had no veterinary training, but somehow she had developed an almost mystical knowledge of healing.

They carried Tala into the cabin, and there it became evident that he was sorely hurt. There was a great gaping wound on his flank and another nearly as bad on his off hind-quarter. These had been made by the bear's claws, and the dog was indeed lucky to be alive. He had lost a lot of blood and seemed to be on the point of death. Joseph was saying that it was better to shoot him, but Kaim, after a long look, got up and said: 'No—I cure him,' and she said it in such a way as to convince Joseph that she was sure that it could be done, yet Joseph was three times her age and by no means inexperienced in such cases. Anna said: 'Let her try,' and so it was agreed to give Kaim her chance with the dog.

Kaim re-examined the wounds, and after a further lengthy examination said, pointing to the wound on the dog's flank: 'We sew this one; the other, it heal.' And she went and found a needle and some sinew.

Tala was so far gone that the operation of sewing the wound presented no difficulty and the dog did not protest at the numerous punctures of the needle, which, in more robust health, he would have resented violently. After the sewing, Kaim went to a niche of her own and produced a bunch of dried leaves. Just what leaves they were, Anna did not know, but Kaim seemed to. She selected certain ones and made them into a poultice with warm water, and applied the mess to both wounds. She did not try to feed the dog, but she moved her own bedding close to where the animal lay. This move did not disarrange her sleeping comfort very much, as there seemed little to choose between the place where the dog lay and the place from which she had just transferred her wolf-robies.

Meanwhile Joseph, Anna, and two of the other children had unloaded the sled, cached the meat, and tied up the dogs. That done, Joseph said: 'I go to-morrow for the meat. Kaim, you come?' Obviously someone would

have to go with him to drive the team home if Joseph was to bring the bulk of the load back by raft on the river.

'No,' said Kaim, 'I can't leave Tala. You'd better take Ahtek.'

Joseph left next morning with Ahtek. He would have liked to stay for a day's rest, but a temporary cache on the river's bank full of meat would not remain long if unattended, and he had to get the meat back to safety and stored.

The trip took two days. Ahtek stayed with Joseph to help build the raft and to load it. Then he came back with the dogs and just sufficient load of meat to steady the sled on the journey. He was able to make the trip in half the time that Joseph had done, as his team was complete, fresh, and very lightly loaded. Joseph's raft was built of dead trees nailed together with spikes, and, once launched, he drifted down with the current in peace and comfort. He could only travel at the speed of the current, and it took him twenty hours of drifting.

**K**AIM had a hard fight on her hands, and for three nights she had little sleep. She would get up every hour to try to ease Tala, give him water, and, after the second day, tempt him to eat. He would not, or could not, do this, and Kaim was getting rather desperate, because the dog had to build up some strength to replace what he had lost, not only from exhaustion but also from loss of blood. Kaim's poultice seemed to have done some good, because neither wound showed any signs of going septic, but it was obvious that the dog required more help than he was getting.

Joseph on his return came and had a look at Tala.

'Kaim, you no do it. I think better shoot him. He better that way.'

'No, no,' said Kaim. 'He better—you wait.'

After the fourth day Tala had failed a lot. Kaim went out into the woods and came back with more herbs. These she crushed and used for another poultice. Then she made what was for her a great sacrifice. She had treasured a tin of condensed milk, given to her by a passing miner. Milk is a great rarity to the Indians, sought and prized more than gold. She had kept the tin for some special celebration. However, she now realised that unless

Tala took some nourishment soon he would die or have to be shot.

She went and got the tin. From it she took half its contents, added some water, and forced some of the mixture down Tala's throat with a spoon. She did this every hour throughout the night. At first the dog gave her no assistance, but towards morning he swallowed when the liquid was put in his gullet. It was after Tala's third deliberate swallow that a very exhausted Kaim said: 'Ah, that all right—Tala now get better.'

Joseph did not altogether agree with Kaim in his own mind. Nevertheless, he said to Anna: 'Kaim know much about dogs—she may be right.'

Kaim was right. Once Tala had a desire to swallow, the will to live returned, and he began to make a remarkable recovery. But Kaim was still worried about what Joseph would do, because she was sure that the dog would never again pull well in a team, and she was not sure that Joseph wanted to give house-room or dog-room to a feeble dog. Joseph was a kind-hearted man, and he let Tala live. But it was not till well on in the next year that Kaim tried him in harness again, and then only with the lightest of loads—but he did then earn his keep.

**A**FTER Tala was out of danger, Anna arranged to have a family potlatch or feast. This was not only to celebrate Tala's recovery. After all, a wounded dog was a common enough occurrence, and recovery required no celebration. But the successful hunt for the winter's meat was quite another matter, something comparable to and approaching in importance harvest home. However, seeing that the two events occurred together, and that Kaim had done so well, Anna felt that the coupling of the two occasions would be a pleasant notion.

In the cabin was a large Yukon stove, the top of which glowed with the heat, and on it sat a large pot into which all the meats went. When Anna announced the meal, the whole family trooped in, and Joseph, using a sharp stick, harpooned some nondescript portions of stewed meat for himself. Anna, depriving Joseph of the stick, peered into the pot and made a stroke, skewering a black squirrel. It was a dreadful-looking object. Its hair burnt off before immersion in the pot, it resembled a dripping mummified cat. With great solemnity

Anna turned to Kaim, saying: 'This is for you, Kaim.' She could not have conferred a greater honour, nor could she have offered anything at the meal which would have pleased Kaim more.

The amount of meat the family ate was extraordinary, and after generous helpings of cranberries and moose-fat the evening was pronounced a great success. Joseph had an accordion. He was not a very good performer on it, but he had a short repertoire, and this he repeated over and over again. His favourite air was 'The Red River Dance'. After Joseph got tired, they all slept, rather like boa-constrictors digesting a goat swallowed whole.

**S**OME days later a detail was remembered that had been worrying Joseph for some time. 'I think,' he said, 'the Mission will want Kaim to go to school.'

'I don't think Kaim will want to go,' said Anna. However, Kaim was only an adopted child, and both Joseph and Anna knew that the authorities at the Mission had peculiar ideas about Indians learning to read and write, and Joseph remembered that he had made some promise, till now forgotten, that Kaim should be taught these rather unnecessary accomplishments.

'Let's ask Kaim,' said Joseph.

Kaim on being consulted was emphatically opposed to the idea. She was very happy where she was and had no wish to submit herself to an unknown discipline in order to acquire knowledge for which she could see no possible use.

'You no want to learn to read?' asked Joseph.

'Reading no good,' replied Kaim. 'The pictures on the tins says what's inside.' Reading the labels on tins seemed to Kaim the only practical use there was in the art of reading and the only literature she had ever seen. As she said, the makers of the various commodities had wisely illustrated their goods with labels, which did away with the need for any further study.

'You learn other things at school, Kaim,' said Joseph rather vaguely, not quite sure in his own mind if the statement was true.

'I know all I want, and I do things better than white woman at the school. I hunt better. She no tan moose-skin, make moccasins, parkas, or cure dogs like I do. If



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the Godman want to go to Old Crow, he have to ask me to show him the way—I no want school.'

As a matter of fact, there was some sound elementary reasoning in Kaim's reply, and Joseph was rather relieved. He did not want Kaim to go away for a year or more, which is what her attendance at school would have meant. All the same, he had a nasty feeling that at some time she would have to go, because the life on the river was changing and new ideas were taking root. Meanwhile Joseph consoled himself with the thought that Kaim was only fourteen, and many Indians did no schooling till they were eighteen, so he felt there was no hurry.

Joseph's own learning had been acquired without the aid of teachers. He could not read consecutively, but he could read odd words, and he could make out some sense of the figures on a box of cartridges—sufficient to ensure that he got those that would fit his rifle. Also his arithmetic was just adequate to ensure that he was not cheated at the store where he took his skins and exchanged them for goods. He had little use for money, though he would not be fooled into accepting a two-dollar bill for twenty dollars. Gold in the raw state he could appreciate and value. Gold scales were then in common use in Alaska. They held no mystery for him and he had a very good idea of the contents of a gold poke when he saw one, as alluvial gold was still normal currency.

So Kaim's schooling was for the time being postponed in Joseph's mind and entirely banished from Kaim's. Fate, however, later took a hand in the matter.

**I**N late October a busy season started for the family. Joseph had to get ready to set his winter trap-line. For this a large quantity of bait had to be got and it was Kaim's task to get it. The easiest bait to find is snowshoe rabbits, and they are not difficult to kill. They are snared. The snare used is a wire noose on the end of a tied-down willow sapling. The rabbit thus snared is jerked up into the air and nearly always dies quickly. The method is merciful, but is also strictly utilitarian, the victim being jerked up in the air out of reach of any marauding mink, lynx, or other predatory hunter. Kaim was by nature kind to all animals, but in no way sentimental. Rabbits were needed, therefore rabbits had to be

killed. As a hunter, Kaim was as cunning as a monkey, and she had become an expert snarer even in a family who were masters of the craft.

Her sight was remarkably keen and she had developed a rare degree of patience. She would sit, stand, lie, or crouch in complete immobility for hours on end without ever getting cramp, and this in extremes of weather. This ability to remain immobile is an art in which no white man ever becomes as expert as are the Indians. It may be that white men lose patience or that their muscular systems are incapable of remaining long in repose. In any case, many incidents in the lives of shy wild creatures were no secrets to Kaim. She saw details that few naturalists have ever seen, and she had a retentive memory and was passionately interested. At this time her whole ardent nature bent itself on knowledge of the wild.

Kaim had left the Mission too young to have had any religious teaching. So we do not know what gods she believed in, and neither Joseph nor Anna were sufficiently instructed to impart religious ideas. So Kaim found her own gods, and, whatever form they took, they were benign. She never displayed fear. In the life she led there were physical risks about which she knew, and these she met with a clear and steady eye, taking practical action to avoid them, or to combat them, if that was the only available course.

Though incredibly wise in some things, she was abysmally ignorant in others. She could drive a dog-team over great distances alone, yet at the end of such a journey she would play with toys like a five-year-old baby. Her contact with human beings was almost entirely confined to the members of her family and it was a rare event for her to see any strangers. Such traffic as there was on the river did not stop at Joseph's place and only now and again did wanderers appear. Not even the mailman paid a visit, for the good reason that Joseph had no mail either to send or to receive.

**K**AIM'S store of rabbits increased quickly and soon there were enough for Joseph to start. Kaim was to go with him this time, as Ahtek was sick. It is always advisable for a trapper to take a second person if possible, just in case he has an accident, and to know where the traps are set, so that if he is prevented from visiting them the harvest can be gathered without leaving the trapped animals too long,



in which case beasts of prey would soon destroy the catch.

At her age Kaim knew very well what stores would be required on a trap-line trip. Had she not often seen the sled prepared for such trips, and many others? Before the start the clothing had to be looked to; rents repaired in parkas; wolf-ropes patched; the stock of babiche sorted out; sinew and needles put into a sewing-bag; bread baked and sliced; beans parboiled; and many other minor details attended to.

There had been a fresh fall of snow before the start, so the trail was good. The weather was fine, and the thermometer at about '6° above', meaning 26° of frost Fahrenheit. It would not get much warmer even at midday, as the sun was low in the horizon, Joseph's place being a very few miles south of the Arctic Circle. Still, for Alaska this was not very cold weather.

Joseph was feeling grand when he cracked his whip and shouted 'Mush', and they were off. Both Joseph and Kaim were running to warm themselves. Later, Kaim would climb up on to the pile of stores on the sled and Joseph would ride on the step at the back. The whole outfit looked fine, with the dogs running tails up and the harness bells ringing. There was a heavy hoar-frost on the birch-trees and the snow showed pink in the slanting rays of the sun.

Kaim's favourite dog, Hunchie, was the lead-dog, and they were running so fast that it was not long before Kaim was panting. Joseph gave her the sled and she jumped on the step, the dogs not even noticing the additional weight.

'We can cross the lake now?' Kaim asked.

'Yes,' shouted Joseph, and as soon as they got to the shore Hunchie really let himself go, and so did the rest of the team, encouraged by Kaim.

The ice was smooth and thick, with only a light snow-covering, so the sled fairly flew over its surface leaving Joseph far behind. Kaim sang to the team, urging them to go faster. When they got to the far end of the lake, Kaim stopped and waited for Joseph, who complained: 'You like that, Kaim. Me, I no like. I have to run too fast.'

Kaim had plenty to do. After the tent was pitched, she set up the Yukon stove, cut wood for it, fed the dogs, examined their feet for ice-galls, stored in safety the rabbits and dog-food. She was, in fact, a very busy person. After the meal was cooked, the kindlings for next day had to be got ready by taking certain selected sticks and cutting shavings on them, so that, when ready, the sticks looked as if they had grown beards.

All the chores done, Kaim took her rifle and went to see if she could get some fresh game. Efficient little person though she was, Kaim was not a good shot. Curiously enough, few Indians are good shots. They can stalk game, or preferably wait for it, with incredible skill and patience, and their knowledge of the habits of game is profound, but at shooting they are poor performers. It is difficult to understand the reason. Joseph's father was of the generation which believed a rifle-shot harder the more you raised the backsight. For example, if the fixed sight was 100 yards, he believed the gun shot twice as hard if the 200 yards sight was put up; and it is possible that Joseph had some such belief himself, and instruction from someone thinking like that would not make for good weapon-training. Kaim had been taught the rudiments by Joseph and then left to her own devices to acquire further skill. She seldom cleaned her rifle and this omission did not improve its accuracy.

Kaim on this trip was doing the work of a grown woman and doing it very well, yet in moments of idleness she would play like a child, conjuring childish toys from dead sticks or meat bones, and at these times she seemed to revert to the ploys of infancy. Still, the moment duty called, she would leave the toys with a sigh and adopt the attitude of a grown person. Physically she was strong—tough would perhaps be a better word—and she had great powers of resistance to cold, hunger, and fatigue. She could carry a load on her back with the aid of a tump-line that would have been a full task for many men.

At this time Kaim had no idea of coquetry. She did not mind what she looked like. It is true that she had the child's eye and mind which likes something that glitters, and she liked to have her moccasins newly beaded and in bright colours, but these were toys. She had never seen anybody deliberately dress herself up for any occasion. Clothing to her was there for a purely practical purpose—to keep her warm, dry, and, if possible, to give her

IT took two days to reach the trap-line country, and another two days to set and bait the traps. In the camp that they made,

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some protection against abrasion. Yet she was fully aware of the biological facts of life. She had plenty of opportunity to study them. Not only were there the dogs' breeding-habits, but in the cabin they all lived in one room, and in such contiguity that the marital habits of Anna and Joseph must have been open to any

member of the family, and it is doubtful if either Joseph or Anna took any trouble to disguise their emotions. At this time Kaim was a perfectly natural animal, with a kindly nature, and for these traits she was indebted to her foster-parents.

(To be continued.)

July First Story: *Two Old Friends* by Hugh Quinn.

# Untie Us!

## Reflections on National Tie Week

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JAMES WHITMORE

OF the many garments used by men to keep warm or to disguise their puny frames, the necktie would seem to be the most useless. It does little to protect us from the elements, it does not even support any vital portion of our costume. Yet, just as in the supposedly less sophisticated days of Beau Brummell the cravat was the symbol of breeding, so in this atomic age the bit of silk or rayon that hangs from his neck still maketh the man.

To remind us of this sartorial fact, the manufacturers of neckties now treat us to a National Tie Week every June—a month chosen, one suspects, because it is the very time when a young man's fancy turns towards the open-necked freedom of summer.

During National Tie Week the men of Britain are tempted with prizes, ranging from motor-cars to cash-vouchers, to buy new ties. They are prodded with slogans inspired by the battle-cry of the tie manufacturers: A New Tie Is A Tonic! And all the persuasive art of the advertising copywriter's pen goes into convincing the public that a man feels naked unless he has a tie, preferably a new tie, around his neck.

The promoters of the campaign do their job

with efficient enthusiasm, yet one wonders if it is necessary. Does the tie trade really have to persuade men to wear neckties? It may need a National Milk Campaign to make men drink milk, a National Road Safety Week to make them use pedestrian-crossings, and a National Fuel Efficiency Week to prevent them emptying half-burnt cinders into the dustbin. But men cannot avoid wearing ties. The tie-makers' sales are assured by one of the strictest social conventions of our time.

CHRONICLERS of the days before the necktie replaced the cravat and stock thought it a fascinating titbit of history that the Duke of Wellington should be refused admission to a ball because he was wearing trousers instead of knee-breeches. Nowadays, however, no one would be surprised at a Prime Minister being turned away, not from a formal Court ball but from the Saturday evening hop at any workingmen's club, if he dared appear without a tie.

In the midst of a heat-wave, an occasional tie-less holidaymaker may manage to conceal himself among the crowds thronging the dance-

floors of the mass pleasure-resorts. But the tie-manufacturers have powerful allies in the managers of ballrooms. Explaining that 'without ties men look scruffy', the management of a chain of dance-halls in London recently decided to exclude any male dancer without a necktie, however warm the evening. Not wanting to refuse good money, however, the firm sensibly supplies each of its cloak-rooms with a selection of ties, from which any tie-less customer may borrow upon payment of a five-shilling deposit.

To dance may not be essential to a man's well-being, but the lack of a necktie may deny him admission to places far more necessary than the local palais. There are bars where the thirsty can obtain a drink only if they wear this badge of respectability about their throats; and the tie-less are equally unwelcome in the stalls of many theatres, in concert-halls, even in some churches. To them, it seems, at least one dentist's surgery is closed—for it was revealed at a meeting of the Middlesex Health Committee that a patient had been refused dental treatment because he was not wearing a tie.

He who wishes to eat needs a necktie almost as much as he requires money. Sociologists are fond of discoursing upon the phenomenon of the 'Old School Tie' in 20th-century society, but they tend to overlook the close association of the common-or-garden necktie with our eating customs. The symbolism of the tie has replaced the condiment-holder that formerly separated the elite from diners who were 'below the salt'. You may dine in a lorry-drivers' pull-up with an open-necked shirt, but not even a millionaire will be permitted this eccentricity in a grillroom.

Nor is it only in Britain that the tie-less are refused admission to fashionable city restaurants and shunted to tables behind screens in suburban cafés. The tyranny of the necktie has been exported to the younger countries of the English-speaking world. A Minister in the Australian Federal Government could not lunch in the dining-room of a Canberra hotel on one occasion until he had borrowed a tie from a waiter, and a British officer making arrangements for a royal tour was refused coffee in a hotel lounge at Adelaide because he had replaced his tie by a knotted silk scarf. Even four Texan cow-punchers, with whose Wild West shirts, flamboyant jackets, and ten-gallon hats a tie would have looked incongruously urban, were

denied breakfast at a hotel in Sydney because of their tie-less condition.

These cowboys could have suffered the same rebuff in their own land. The necktie rule has been rigid enough in New York to have inspired a story of a gangster chief who added a fashionable restaurant to his chain of less legitimate businesses. To avoid trouble with rival mobsters, he dressed his beefiest henchman in a commissionaire's livery and stationed him at the main entrance. Among the instructions given this man was a firm order that no male not wearing a necktie was to be admitted. The result was that when a famous American radio priest sought entry he was told: 'Sorry, bud, the boss says you've got to wear a tie to eat here.'

Although the clerical dog-collar is usually treated as acceptable though tie-less, the insistence upon a necktie being worn at the meal-table is met in circles generally casual in costume. The Danish Football Union banned one of their country's leading players from all official banquets and receptions because he refused to wear a tie. Despite a distinguished career as team captain, this player put himself outside the sporting pale by describing in an article the wearing of ties as 'an unwholesome habit'. Even in scientific assemblies one finds this same suspicion of the man who believes that one should eat and drink without constricting one's throat with a necktie. When a Fellow of the Royal Zoological Society lunched in the members' restaurant one hot day a few summers ago, his open-necked sports shirt and lack of a tie attracted surprised glances. Later a warning appeared on the notice-board that 'members and their guests will not be admitted to the restaurant unless they are adequately clothed.'

**W**HETHER in the publicity of Regent's Park or the privacy of his own dining-room, a gentleman always wears a necktie at the table. It is true that the mess-dress of military officers—who have the advantage of the rest of us in that an Act of Parliament certifies them to be gentlemen—does not usually include a tie. Yet nowhere have we seen the symbolism of the necktie better illustrated than in the Army. For years it was a source of grievance among 'other ranks' that the wearing of ties was a privilege accorded officers alone. The wartime innovation of a

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tie for N.C.O.s and men was felt in War Office and barrack-room alike to be a symbol of the democracy for which all were fighting.

In civilian life, too, wearing a necktie was once a sign that a working-man was 'getting on in the world'. The tie that had replaced his muffler distinguished the foreman from the labourers as much as did his bowler hat. Sociologists are accustomed to speak of the 'white-collar workers', but the tie has been the true symbol of the clerk ever since the time when a manual worker regarded wearing a necktie on weekdays as aping his betters.

It is significant that whenever the proletariat rose in revolt the necktie was among the first victims. Even the middle-class hastily ripped off this bourgeois symbol and sought the safer anonymity of the plebeian choker. For more than a decade after the Revolution of 1917, ties were rarely seen around Muscovite necks. Similarly, after the Spanish civil war started in 1936 the workers of Madrid and Barcelona made a gesture of flaunting tie-less shirt-fronts in defiance of the old order. But from each eclipse the necktie has re-emerged triumphant, so much so that even in the Soviet Union one finds the Minister for Light Industries promoting a public contest for the best tie designs.

Although the tie-less forces did not win the struggle for power in Spain, the sweltering heat of the Spanish summer has prevented the necktie being restored fully to its former place of honour. Apart from Cuba—where 'respectability regulations' made just before the last World War threatened imprisonment for any man going about without a tie—Spain seems to be the only country to use the criminal law to enforce the wearing of neckties. Bylaws in Madrid and other cities make the wearing of ties compulsory in the streets and all public places except swimming-baths. Because of this concession to patrons of the *piscinas* (or swimming-baths), those Madrileños who leave off their ties when the thermometers soar are dubbed *piscinistas*. Not that these criminals ever roam the streets for long. They are sternly ordered home by the police.

If this Spanish precedent raises any hopes among tie-manufacturers that other Governments will enforce tie-wearing by law, recent developments in Korea will disappoint them. High up in the list of proposed laws to give South Koreans 'a better life', compiled last January by the Ministry of Social Affairs upon President Syngman Rhee's instructions, was the hopeful item: 'Neckties will be abolished.' And so say many of us!

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### The Deserted Play-Garden

*The robins pipe in soft June rain,  
Green-gold, the light lies all about,  
A rainbow shines beyond the trees,  
And oh, I hear the children shout!*

*Pipe on, O robins, in the rain  
And lure them, lure them home again.*

*The weeds are rank, the grass grown high,  
The empty play-house in the tree  
Stands dark against the sunset sky,  
But I can hear them call to me.*

*Pipe on, O robins, in the rain  
And lure the children home again.*

*The rainbow fades, the sky is pale,  
Above the robins' song I hear  
From far away the Pipes of Pan  
And children's voices sweet and clear.*

*Hush, robins, hush! You sing in vain . . .  
They're never coming home again.*

H. SHACKLETON BRIETZCKE.

# The Lesningford Legend

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GRAHAM DUKES

THE map lay in the threepenny box, among Edwardian school prizes and treatises on social credit and paper-backs about the future of Naziism. It was a map of North Shropshire. It had seen its half-century, was cracked at the ribs and tattered at the edges. 'Threepence, mate. Ta,' said the old man, holding out a greasy hand. The map became mine.

Now there are people who will assert that all the romance and the mystery went out of maps a very long time ago, that it disappeared with 'Ye Great Unknowne'—that splendid, exciting, misty something at the edge of the world, set about with scrolls and dolphins and inhabited by fiery beasts. Such people will wax nostalgic before a mediæval mariner's chart; they will moan that we have done with the great days of cartography; the Ordnance Survey will leave them as cold as would the Telephone Directory. And such people are to be pitied, for there are surely some quiet corners of this earth whose mysteries, far from being dispelled by the lines, the figures, and the exactitudes of modern mapmakers, have rather become entangled with them. The little hills of the Shropshire border country are such a place; something in the centuries has invested them with 'such stuff as dreams are made on', and the sheltered hamlets in the valleys have never so outgrown themselves as to drive the dreams quite away.

I WAS pondering in this vein over my newly-acquired threepenny treasure when I first came upon the village. Let me, for the present, call it Lesningford Deans. It lies there clearly set down upon my map; my map is the conscientious, painstaking product of the Ordnance Survey of fifty years ago. Mark that very well—for to-day, Lesningford Deans has vanished from the face of England.

I have been in search of it; but there are no signposts to point out its approaches. Rustic Shropshire gentlemen in the hostelrys of Clun gaze at me curiously and with pity in their eyes as I describe the place. At the very spot where my map shows the beginning of the little road to Lesningford Deans there lies a mocking sea of stinging-nettles, and the lazy horseflies hover in the sunshine.

It was a summer day in 1902 when the clerks of the Ordnance Survey came down to Lesningford. They noted its rectory, its smithy, and the post-office, where, as they carefully observed, it was possible to dispatch telegrams; they surveyed the workhouse, the church, which had neither a tower nor a spire, they listened to the music of the Tinsey Brook, and they watched the old steam-tram come puffing sturdily in across the common. All these things they marked down in their pocket-books; all these things we may find upon their map. And if we would know more, then we must call imagination to our aid, build cliché upon deduction, and conjure a vision of Edwardian Lesningford for ourselves.

IT will not, I think, be altogether a pretty story of pastoral Edwardian harmony. The place had its shadows and its mysteries. Over against the brook, for example, printed in fancy Gothic letters, are the words 'Low Chapel (Site of)'. There is no knowing, after all this time, what the folk of Lesningford Deans had done with their Low Chapel. It is possible that in a fit of Popish zeal they pulled it down, joyously, stone from stone. It seems, alas, equally possible that in a village with scarcely room for five dozen inhabitants, and those perhaps all honest Anglicans, the chapel fell down because nobody bothered about it.

But how very much more pleasant to tell ourselves that it was never really there, and

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that when the good Wesleyan clerks of the Survey drove into Lesningford with their theodolites they looked down at the simple rustics thronging open-mouthed about their carriage and said sternly: 'What, haven't you got a chapel?' And the simple rustics, feeling, no doubt, a proper sense of shame, ran and fetched tape-measures and said: 'Not yet, but see, we are planning out the site for one. You must put that on your map.'

To the north, the High Street dwindles to become a narrow lane, struggling, tortuously, I am sure, through closely-set trees. There, rising amid the far reaches of a plantation, stands Gallowstree Farm. There will be ravens here, and giant bats of an evening, and acres of starved wheat will be wriggling through arid ground.

And having built a Lesningford legend thus far, we are hardly surprised to come upon the 'Iron Place', standing on the slopes of Gallowstree Hill. One wing looks down over fields to the post-office, another south to the rectory, and there is very little to learn from its name as set down on the map. But it has a cold, uncompromising ring about it, so that we may be tempted to imagine it as an iron place indeed, a great formless hulk of a thing, all sheet-metal and rivets, the lair of evil things, the talk and the terror of a superstitious countryside.

So we may go on, adding to our fancies as we will, until by chance we again catch sight of the frayed yellow edges of our map and we ask ourselves what has become of Lesningford in fifty years.

THERE may well be an answer and a sober explanation. In half-a-century, roads are closed, names are changed. It is even possible, in ignorance, to misread a map. But there is very little joy in sober explanations. For my part, I shall rest contented with my own vision of Lesningford, and I shall not seek too assiduously for the bleak truths which, I suspect, lie between the shiny five-shilling covers of the new Ordnance Survey. I shall believe that mine was the picture which the gentlemen of the 1902 Survey took with them as they rattled away down the road to the city

on a fine summer evening half-a-century ago.

Behind them, I think, Lesningford lived on. The fairies tripped down from the little hills and draped the trailing creepers once more across the road; the rain fell and softened the beaten earth, so that in spring the nettles and the long grasses grew up and hid it from view; a new generation came westwards from the towns in motor-cars, and, seeing the narrow grassy road winding away into the tangled hawkweed and honeysuckle, they passed it by. Of course that is what happened. Somewhere away in the little hills Lesningford Deans is still to be found, where everyone has forgotten about it. And I shall imagine myself, one day, following the hedgerows over the fields and between those hills, and sooner or later pushing aside a last bramble-branch to emerge into Lesningford.

The tram will be standing in the shadow of the church, with steam up, while a bearded conductor treads the pavement majestically. The overseer of the workhouse, stout and rubicund, will be hurrying into the post-office to dispatch a telegram, leaving an odour of burnt porridge in his wake. The rector will be over at the smithy, where an informal gathering of village worthies beneath the chestnut tree is discussing plans to put a tower or spire on the church. Somewhere away to the west the ivy may be climbing up grey walls, to soften the prim Edwardian outlines of the Low Chapel, while the little Tinsey Brook trickles softly over the stones.

And to the north? To the north, I believe, the thunderclouds will be gathering over Gallowstree Farm, and the bare trees of the plantation will raise their skinny arms to a dark, angry sky. Over all will loom the long shadow of the Iron Place, lofty, terrible, and spiky, from whence fearsome wicked things will peer out, as the fit takes them, towards the post-office or the rectory.

For the rest, the folk of Lesningford Deans, with scythes and smocks, with parasols and lavender baskets, will be going unhurriedly about their daily business as I step from among the trees. I feel that I shall know them, every one. If they do not come running to welcome me as a long-lost brother, then I shall even be disappointed, and, somehow, surprised.





## Horse Show-Down

ERIC ALLEN

TO the main plaza of the small La Mancha village of Seis Casas there came one summer morning a strange cavalcade. Six Houses, the village was called. It had more than six houses, but not many more. In front of the largest of them, and immediately opposite the Bar Cervantes, a fat man sat on a rush-bottomed chair behind a borrowed table. He wore a smart suit of Madrid cut and a pair of horn-rimmed sun-glasses of a size such as were seen as a rule only on successful bullfighters. It was before these monstrous *gafas* that the cavalcade slowly filed.

Every household in the village was represented in it, and every household in every village for miles around. Most of the men wore the La Mancha uniform of black corduroy trousers, waist-length black smock, and black boina, or beret. But, however they were dressed, all had one thing in common—each of them led a horse.

The bony structure of a horse is not a thing of beauty, but when that bony structure is draped with skin without the grace of intervening flesh it becomes a positive eyesore. In such shape these horses of Seis Casas were. Between the whole half-hundred of them one could not have scraped together enough meat

to make more than a couple of fair-sized sausages.

As well as this leanness, the horses shared a certain hopeless, hang-dog expression of face. But otherwise they were a varied collection. They were of all colours—there was even one with bright green patches on its craggy rump—and of all contours. The backs of most of them were hammock-shaped, but there were some who were humped up in the middle like racing dromedaries. There were knock-kneed horses, and bandy ones. Some were shaggy, others bald, either wholly or in part. Altogether, they were probably the most disgusting group of sorry-looking nags ever gathered together in one place since Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

Señor Don Alvarado Duarte, the man in the horn-rimmed *gafas*, was well used to picking winners from parades. But usually they were parades of luscious womanflesh, aspirants for small parts in the gorgeously-technicolored films of sunny Andalusia, of which he was a notoriously successful producer. But Don Alvarado was tired of being described as a skilful cooker-up of pot-boilers. Just for a change, and to show what he *could* do, he had decided to film some great Spanish classic—the great Spanish classic, in fact—

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the undying story of Don Quixote, the Ingenious Knight of La Mancha.

In Don Alvarado's list of the main characters, Don Quixote himself was, of course, first in importance. Then followed Dulcinea of Toboso, for, classic or not, you still had to have your love interest. After the knight's lady came Sancho Panza, his faithful squire, who was followed closely in importance by Rosinante, Don Quixote's horse.

It was to the task of casting for this latter important role that Don Alvarado was addressing himself this bright summer morning. His needs were precise. He wanted an old hack, 'so long and lank, so lean and feeble, with so sharp a backbone, and so like one in galloping consumption, that you might see plainly with what judgment and propriety the name of Rosinante had been given him.' Thus the Master had written, and so thus it had to be. Don Alvarado wanted a *rocin*, a common drudge horse, who was *ante*, or before, all other *rocins*.

WHEN the news had got around that there was an opening for a horse to play the part of Rosinante in the film, every man in the district had dropped whatever he was doing and made a bolt for the stable, trampling underfoot goats, hens, and the younger members of his family in his haste to be first in the field. For, since Cervantes drew from life, and since Spain has not altered in essentials since his day, every stable in La Mancha held a horse that was in the running.

As Don Alvarado saw it, his difficulty was not so much in choosing a horse as in choosing an owner who could protect his creature from mayhem or worse while the film was being made. So far as lankness and leanness went, there was not much doubt that the pick of the bunch was a grey gelding, which its owner, one Jaime Pascal, was even now struggling to prevent from collapsing in a heap at Don Alvarado's feet. But Jaime Pascal was only slightly less lean than his horse—and considerably lankier. Could this bean-pole, Señor Duarte wondered, keep his end up against the jealous wrath of fifty disappointed Manchegans? Not for a single day, he decided, let alone a month or more.

The young fellow who was supporting Don Alvarado's second choice was a much more likely proposition. He was broad-shouldered,

thick-necked—and not bad-looking either, Don Alvarado noted by the way. His name, he had said, was Pepe Dominguin, but the horse was the property of his father.

As Señor Duarte sat there in the plaza of Seis Casas, scrubbing thoughtfully at his chin with his plump fingers, he was, had he but known it, himself about to take a part in as pretty a little drama as any he had cooked up into box-office successes. The theme was corny, of course, but Señor Duarte would not have minded that.

IN addition to the horse that he had entered in Don Alvarado's show, the father of Pepe Dominguin owned a small house in the village and a not-so-small vineyard outside it, as well as some goats, a few sheep, and a capital investment in the Bar Cervantes. He was not a rich man, but neither was he a poor one. Certainly he was rich enough to put his foot down hard when Pepe came home one evening and announced his desire to become the son-in-law of Jaime Pascal, who, apart from his long, lean horse, owned very little else except the daughter upon whom young Pepe had set his heart.

No, Pepe's father had said. Then he had said it again. No. A wife without a dowry was like a house without a roof, he had told his son. Very well, maybe, when the sun was shining, but what happened when it rained?

Pepe had seen the point, but seeing it had made him no less anxious to marry Pascal's Pilar, who was tall and strong and beautiful and lacked nothing to make her perfect save a father with enough put by to give her a start in life. But what could he do, when for his own start in life he was dependent upon what his father might choose to give?

But while Pepe alternated between hoping and moping, Pilar made plans. If she could lay her hands on a small sum—oh, a very small sum—just enough to take her to the city where she could find work . . . It was an adventurous scheme for a La Mancha girl, of course. She dared not speak of it to anyone, not even to Pepe. But with the money once in her hands she would tell him that *she* at any rate was going. And if she went she had not a doubt but that he would follow her.

This, then, was the background of the drama—or was it a comedy?—in which, all unwittingly, Señor Don Alvarado Duarte was about to play a part. For he was offering a

## HORSE SHOW-DOWN

hundred pesetas a day to the owner of the chosen horse—a hundred pesetas a day, when in Seis Casas there were many who did not earn so much in a month.

The fact that the horse that her father was leading by a rope halter was his, not hers, did not worry Pilar. There were no problems there. Nor did she question that any other horse could be chosen. Was it not plainly and to every eye the scraggiest bag of bones in all La Mancha? So, as she stood among the women and girls, watching while the señor made his decision, she was already laying out the money in her mind. So much for the train fare to Madrid, where she would stay with her father's cousin Mari-Carmen while she looked for work. Then so much for . . .

But so much for her plans, for at that moment Don Alvarado took off his *gafas* and pointed with them to the horse that Pepe was holding. 'There is our Rosinante,' he said. 'That is the horse for me.'

**P**EPE was a Manchegan, and a Manchegan loves money more than he loves life. So, as a Manchegan, he approved Don Alvarado's decision, even though the money was not to go into his pocket, except indirectly and eventually as part of his father's estate. However, he could not help feeling that more usefully, and even more justly, the money might have gone to Jaime Pascal. 'But what could I do?' he said to Pilar. 'It was he, that Señor Gafas, who made the decision, not I.'

Pilar said nothing—nothing about her plan, nor about her feeling that if she had been in Pepe's position she would have done something. As for her plan . . . Well, no money would change hands until the horse was actually called upon to play his part, and that might not be for a week or more, the señor had said. But Pepe was to stand by, ready to produce his Rosinante on demand.

Don Alvarado was shooting his first scenes at a farmhouse a little outside the village. Rosinante, he said, had better be kept in his stable until he was needed. When Pepe objected that his father's stable was at the far end of the village, and that it would take him half-an-hour to get there and back again with the horse, Don Alvarado simply shrugged. That was Pepe's problem. The horse had to be somewhere handy when it was needed—that was all that he had to say.

Pilar solved the problem. The Pascal cottage was no more than a few hundred yards from the farmhouse where the first scenes were to be shot. Why not keep the horse in her father's stable? She would look after it and see that it was there and ready for action when the call came. It might as well stay there all the time, in fact. There was no point in Pepe's leading it to and from his father's stable every day.

'You are a treasure,' Pepe said to Pilar. 'You think of everything.'

'I try to think for both of us,' Pilar smiled in response.

**T**HE new life that now began for Pepe Dominguin was one which many young men would gladly have paid money to enjoy. Every morning he went along to the location, where for the rest of the day he sat around doing nothing, but doing it in the most intriguing circumstances. Not only was there this exciting business of film-making to watch, but he watched it, too, in very exciting company. For, just as there was as yet no call for Rosinante, neither had the Knight's lady, Dulcinea of Toboso, any part to play, though she, too, had to be handy in case of sudden demand.

Maria de la Cabeza Rosales was a blonde who wore *gafas* only a shade smaller than those of Don Alvarado. Pepe in all his life had never seen anyone like her. She, on the other hand, had seen hundreds of young men who looked just like Pepe. They made her yawn. But sitting around on a canvas chair in the smelly courtyard of a farmhouse made her yawn even wider. Any company was better than none. Besides which, it was pleasant to be the object of such obvious and open-mouthed admiration. It might even be amusing to see what would happen if she turned on some of the well-known Rosales charm.

Don Alvarado had had his doubts about the suitability of Señorita Rosales for the part of a buxom country wench like Dulcinea of Toboso. But she was under contract to him, and had a big box-office following, so he had let these considerations overcome his artistic quibbles. When he saw the way that the wind was blowing *in re* Pepe Dominguin he was more than ever pleased that he had not chosen that bean-pole Jaime Pascal's horse for the part of Rosinante. For he

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knew his Rosales, and knew that if she became too bored she was likely to pack up and go home in a tantrum. Anything, therefore, that kept her amused, was okay with him. But others who had also noticed what was going on were less pleased about it. Among them was Pascal's Pilar.

There was an old song, which for some reason had become popular again and was being played all the while on the radio in the Bar Cervantes, called 'I Only Have Eyes for You.' Pilar, who had eyes for everything, did not need to be told by any of her dear friends in Seis Casas that since old Dominquin's horse had become a film-star Pepe only had eyes for Maria de la Cabeza Rosales.

As well as eyes, Pilar had a voice—a voice that could be heard from one end of the village to the other when she raised it in song, as she frequently did. But now she raised it neither in song nor in recriminations. She went quietly about her household tasks. Nor did she forget to keep a watchful eye on the lodger in the stable.

Pepe was surprised at her attitude. He even resented it a little. Surely, in the circumstances, she should have shown at least some jealousy? But if there were no scenes with Pilar, the lack was amply made up for when he went home.

Don Alvarado had said that it might be a week or more before he was ready for Rosinante, but three weeks went by and still no call came. Pepe's father began to feel less pleased about the whole thing. A hundred pesetas a day was all very well, but where were the pesetas? And what about the extra work that he had to shoulder while Pepe made himself the talk of the village with that *rubia sin vergüenza*, that shameless blonde up there? What sort of a fool was he making of himself? His father wanted to know. Weren't there girls enough in the village—good girls, decent girls that would make a young man a good wife? 'Why, I would sooner see you married to Pascal's Pilar than have you let our name be made a mock of from here to Madrid,' he said.

Another person who was tired of the situation was Maria de la Cabeza Rosales. A week, two weeks . . . but three was too much—especially since the experiment with Pepe was turning out to be less amusing than she had hoped. Was there a part for Dulcinea of Toboso in this film or not? she demanded of Don Alvarado. He tried to soothe her,

but she would not soothe. Either she started work at once or she went back to Madrid, he could take his choice. Very well, he agreed. They would begin to shoot the first of her scenes in the morning.

**I**N the first sequence in which Dulcinea of Toboso was scheduled to appear there was also the need for Quixote's horse. So hardly had Pepe settled down the next morning when he was pulled to his feet again and sent hurrying off to fetch Rosinante. He went quickly, and Jaime Pascal's stable was not far. But five minutes passed . . . ten . . . then quarter of an hour. Don Alvarado began to get impatient. Maria de la Cabeza Rosales was tapping her foot impatiently. Then they saw Pepe, walking slowly towards the farmhouse, leading a horse behind him.

But what a horse. Don Alvarado's eyes goggled behind his *gafas*. It was sleek, not to say fat, without a rib or a hint of backbone in sight. Its glossy coat shone, and on its face there was a decided smirk. 'What have you got there?' Don Alvarado demanded. 'That isn't the horse I picked out.'

But it was. It was the Dominquin horse that Pascal's Pilar had been stuffing with oats for those three weeks that it had idled in her father's stable.

'Get it out of here,' Don Alvarado roared. Then he demanded: 'Where's that bean-pole Pascal. Find him, someone, quick, and tell him to get that nag of his here at the double.'

The 'someone' who sprang to obey was Pilar. Expecting to hear no less, she turned and hurried back to the stable where the Pascal horse, as thin as ever, if not thinner, was on hand for just this demand.

Pepe stood there, holding the rejected horse. Pilar's treachery had shaken him badly. But he had still more to learn about women. Now it was Maria de la Cabeza Rosales who turned on him. '*Idioto! Ascoroso!*' she fumed, and followed with various other terms, including 'head of a melon.' It was the grins on all the faces round that infuriated her, for they seemed to be directed as much against her as against Pepe. Even Don Alvarado was looking slyly at her. She whipped round on him. 'And you . . . So it amuses you to make a fool of me, no? Very well. Then find someone else to play your Dulcinea. I am going home.'

IT was not only because Pepe's horse was in the way that Don Alvarado did not follow her. Pilar was leading her father's horse into the yard. Don Alvarado took off his *gafas*—but it was not at the horse that he looked. He was looking at the tall, broad-shouldered girl with the torrent of black hair and fire in her eye.

'Dulcinea!' he cried. He grabbed Pilar's arm, with which, incidentally, she could have sent him flying across the yard had she chosen, and began to drag her across to his chair by the cameras. 'Sit down,' he ordered. 'I want to talk to you. How would you like to play Dulcinea of Toboso in this film?'

But here Pepe Dominguin took a hand. As a true Manchegan, he had all due respect for money, and if this Señor Gafas was paying a hundred pesetas a day for a horse, how much would he pay Dulcinea? But he did not stop to think of that, or of what might be said at home when the news got around. 'No, señor,' he said. 'Excuse me. The horse, yes. But this young lady is my

*prometida*. I do not wish that she has to do with the people here.' Then taking his father's now-plump horse by the halter he began to lead it across the yard. Pilar, with a small shrug at Don Alvarado, followed.

On the road back to Seis Casas she began to talk. 'Listen, Pepe,' she said. 'This is my plan. With the money that Señor Gafas pays for the horse I shall go to Madrid to find work. Very soon I shall have a dowry as good as any girl in the village.'

But Pepe shook his head. 'That, no. We go now to talk to the priest, and after that with my father. Am I going to let a horse earn my wife's dowry for me—and such a horse?'

Back at the farmhouse, Don Alvarado was staring after them. Then he shrugged, and turned to his leading man. 'So Don Quixote is still alive in La Mancha, then?' he said.

'As well as his horse,' the leading man nodded.

'Ah, yes,' said Don Alvarado. 'That too. We at least have the horse.'

## Rain—the Bird Killer

THOMAS ROBATHAN

'DULL, rainy weather will continue over much of the British Isles during the next twenty-four hours.' How often that depressing announcement is heard over the wireless, and how seldom it is wrong. The dull grey clouds weep with a squalid relentlessness over the waterlogged countryside, drowning the gurgle of the brook, and speeding the hapless wayfarer to shelter. There is nothing romantic or colourful about much of the rain we know in Britain. It is too closely associated with damp, cold feet and a running nose.

I once lived in South America, a few degrees below the equator. The country was an arid

desert of cactus and mesquite, with groves of leafless *guasango* trees. Nothing green could be discerned on the dry and barren plains, which, however, somehow managed to support sporadic droves of donkeys and countless grey and nimble lizards. Across the cloudless sky an occasional buzzard sailed, an uncouth black fowl against the brassy firmament.

That, I think, is a rough general picture of the country before the rains, which come only once in perhaps seven years. The first herald of their impending arrival was a change in the direction of the wind from the seaward to landward, and a reversal of the northern drift of the Humboldt Current. At the same time, heavy



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clouds gathered over the hills to the east, and myriads of mosquitoes were borne in on the freshening breezes.

Then the rain arrived, a steady vertical downpour which filled the cracked and empty waterholes, and soaked the thirsty pampa. Soon the gullies were in spate, and the unprotected soil, eroded by innumerable rivulets, was sorted and deposited afresh, its finest particles being carried out to sea, where they turned the water a muddy brown.

In an incredibly short time a delicate green mantle appeared which covered the countryside, delighting the eye so accustomed to the harsh and naked pampa. The gaunt guasango trees broke out into leaf, and many strange and beautiful birds appeared. The frogs, which had long lain comatose in the cracked earth, awoke to fill the air with their croakings, while swarms of crickets crawled among the tender vegetation.

I remember a night when the gathering clouds seemed to empty themselves simultaneously to the accompaniment of earsplitting thunder. The taps of heaven were opened wide, and inches of rain fell in a few hours. In a country lacking the natural protection of plant life such a violent downpour causes enormous erosion.

**I**F the rains brought such a striking transformation on land, the change in the direction of the ocean current, which is associated with the rains, affected marine life and the seabirds no less.

The Humboldt Current is a stream of cold water that drifts up the west coast of South America from the Antarctic. It is rich in plankton, a minute floating organism upon which the smallest fish subsist. The small fish are eaten by their larger brethren, who, in turn, constitute the sole food of the seabirds. An essential element of the disturbed climatic conditions which bring rain to the arid coastal regions of northern South America is the displacement of the cold Humboldt Current by the warm Japanese Current from the north. The plankton, which is buoyant in cold water, sinks to the bottom and dies when the sea temperature rises.

A whole series of happenings now takes place. The smallest fish, being deprived of

their natural food, soon succumb to starvation, and the larger fish, that prey upon them, are forced to evacuate their feeding-grounds, which can no longer support them. There is consequently great distress among the seabirds whose larder has so suddenly become bare. The pelicans stand disconsolately on the beaches with ruffled feathers, and soon, lacking the strength to make their ungainly take-off, they die by thousands. Frigate birds, divers, and all manner of seafowl are washed up by the tides.

It is, however, among the guano birds that the intrusion of the Japanese Current causes the most spectacular disturbance. These birds belong to the cormorant family, and they inhabit islands off the coast of northern Peru, where millions of them congregate. Their droppings, accumulated over many centuries, now form a valuable fertiliser, and their voracious appetites demand vast quantities of fish.

A mass migration of guano birds in search of food is an astonishing spectacle. An endless stream of them on a broad front and stretching from horizon to horizon moves north at the rate of thousands an hour. From the shore they resemble a black smudge above the waves, and the movement may persist for several weeks. Countless thousands fall out and are washed ashore to befoul the beaches, but the vast casualties seem in no way to thin their ranks. As time goes on, the stream of guano birds becomes discontinuous, and finally it ceases to throw its dark shadow over the ocean. Except for a few stragglers, the migration is complete.

The clouds disperse and the rain stops. The relentless, penetrating rays of the sun scorch the grass and dry up the waterholes. The Humboldt Current has resumed its usual course, and the guano birds, weakened and depleted, are flying south. The fitful fever which has energised nature for a few short weeks is over, and the pampa soon returns to its normal state of drab and dusty aridity. An episode, interesting and often exciting, is closed, and it may be years before it is repeated.

As I write, the weather forecast is coming over the wireless: 'A depression centred over Iceland is moving south, and associated troughs of low pressure ...'



# Musicians of the Queen

## *The Growth of Army Music*

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J. M. BRERETON

OUR military musicians contributed much to the ceremony and pageantry of Coronation year. The regimental band, indeed, is now a traditional feature of the British army, its efficiency as unquestioned as the honours borne on its unit's colours. Yet less than a century has passed since it became a properly organised ensemble, professionally trained and adequately provided for.

When Charles II raised the nucleus of the present regular army the only 'musick' permitted consisted of trumpets for the Horse and drums and fifes for the Foot. To these, a little later, was added the hautboy—a primitive oboe with a coarse, strident tone. These four instruments, however, were used chiefly for signals in the field, routine calls, and simple marching-tunes. There was little or no attempt to embody them into a band for purely musical purposes. Moreover, the hautboys were something of a luxury, since they had to be paid for and maintained by the regimental officers.

It is related that Marlborough, as Colonel Churchill, was once asked by the King at a review to explain the absence of hautboys in his unit. The future hero of Blenheim rattled the coins in his breeches-pocket. 'There they are, Your Majesty,' he replied. 'Do they not make a cheerful note?'

During the 18th century other instruments appeared in the army. Clarinets, French horns, bassoons, and trombones were gradually introduced, and with them came the idea of the regimental band as we know it, distinct from the executive trumpets and drums. But many years were to pass before the Government recognised military musicians. No provision was made for their enlistment, pay, or equipment, and their expense was borne entirely by the individual units. Since the

performers were hired civilians, not subject to military discipline, they were often a source of embarrassment. In 1783, for instance, the bands of the Foot Guards indignantly refused to play on an excursion to Greenwich, maintaining that their contract only stipulated 'musick for the mounting of the King's guard'. This brought matters to a head. In a letter to the Duke of York the officers of one of the regiments pleaded for 'a band that they could command on all occasions'. The Duke was sympathetic, and the outcome of this early dispute with a musicians' union was the establishment of the first attested band of soldier-musicians in H.M. Brigade of Guards. Engaged by the Duke himself, in Hanover, they were enlisted in the Coldstream.

Generally, however, the whole business of music in the army continued to be a haphazard affair, chiefly dependent upon the tastes—and the wealth—of the regimental officers. Bandmasters, like the bandsmen, were civilians. They were often Germans or Austrians, and, though some were exceptionally talented men, they were not always satisfactory, and seldom amenable to the rigid discipline of army life. In a small handbook published in 1777, and entitled *The Military Course*, the following hints were given for 'the guidance of Commanding Officers in their choice of Music Masters':

'They should be men whose regularity, sobriety, good conduct, and honesty can most strictly be depended upon; that are most remarkably clean and neat in their dress; that have an approved ear and taste for music, and a good method of teaching; without speaking harshly to the youths or hurrying them too fast.'

During this early period it became fashion-

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able to employ negroes in army bands, not because they were unusually musical, but because their appearance, in bizarre and extravagant trappings, was reckoned to add an air of distinction to the band's turnout, if not to its performance. They usually played the drums and other percussion instruments, including a fantastic contraption known as the 'Jingling Johnny', an arrangement of bells mounted on a decorated staff. It is said that the present custom of apparelling our bass and tenor drummers with tiger or leopard skins, and the traditional flourishing of their sticks, derive from the habits of these blackamoors. They remained a characteristic feature of the army band for more than a hundred and fifty years, and were only abolished when Queen Victoria voiced her disapproval of them.

**I**N the early part of the 19th century bands were further augmented by the addition of keyed bugles, invented by James Halliday, bandmaster of a Militia regiment. This greatly improved the scope and quality of military music, and the band's popularity increased, not only in the army, but also in civilian life. It even received royal approbation and patronage.

About 1822 King George IV adopted a military band in addition to his Court orchestra. Originating from the 10th Hussars, the royal band was acknowledged as the finest in the country. It comprised:

Flutes	4	Horns	5
Oboes	3	Alto Trombone	1
Clarinets	12	Tenor Trombone	1
Bassoons	4	Bass Trombones	4
Trumpets	4	Serpents	2
Drums	2		

Most of the performers were, of course, Germans or Austrians, and were claimed to be the best wind-players in Europe. Of Musician Schmidt, first trumpet, it was recorded: 'His flourish is the most terrific and appalling thing ever heard from a musical instrument.' We may be generous enough to assume that no ambiguity was intended.

During this period there came a development which had a profound influence, not only on military bands, but on the orchestra as well. This was the invention of the valves for brass instruments, affording them a complete chromatic compass. Credit for the

innovation is attributed to two Prussians, Stölzel and Blümel, but it seems to have been first put to practical use by Wilhelm Wieprecht, an Austrian bandmaster who, about 1828, produced a set of valved trumpets, cornets, horns, and euphoniums.

There is an interesting story concerning the introduction of the valved trumpet to England. When Earl Cathcart, Colonel of the 2nd Life Guards, was serving as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Russian Court at St Petersburg, he was greatly impressed by the performances of the Imperial Guards' band. The Emperor, flattered by his Lordship's praise, offered to present a set of the new valved instruments to the Life Guards, on condition that during any public performance the chromatic action should be hidden, so as to keep it secret. Cathcart agreed, and by 1831 the *United Service Journal* was remarking upon the excellence of 'the famous Russian chromatic trumpet band of the Second Life Guards', adding that it was the only one of its kind in England.

Naturally, the secret was soon out. Very shortly, valved cornets were being made by the London firm of Köhler, and in a few years the chromatic brass family was universally adopted, entirely ousting its 'natural' or harmonic parents.

**I**T was now at last becoming appreciated that the band might serve some desirable purpose in the army. In 1837 the Horse Guards—then equivalent to the present War Office—were pleased to direct that 'the formation of a band of music is essential to the credit and appearance of a regiment.' Nevertheless, though free with their blessing, the authorities omitted to add any material encouragement: the band was still dependent upon the depth of the officers' purses.

Its composition, too, even the pitch of the instruments, remained a matter to be settled by the individual regiment, or, more usually, by its bandmaster, who was still unrecognised officially. Very often he was engaged through one of the musical-instrument firms, and on his appointment he invariably condemned all the existing instruments and ordered a new set—from the manufacturers who had recommended him.

The chief function of the band was to provide music within the regiment—in barracks and on the march. Among the earliest

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recorded examples of public performances were the Grand Military Concerts organised by the celebrated Monsieur Jullien in Chelsea, in 1851. At these, massed bands of the Household Cavalry, the Foot Guards, and the Royal Artillery played to vast and enthusiastic audiences. When allowance is made for a century's change in musical tastes, the type of programme offered was not very different from that now to be found in any issue of *Radio Times*: marches, popular overtures, dance tunes, and selections from favourite operas and successful operettas of the day—such was the average fare. One typical concert given by the Guards' bands under Jullien included the Coronation March from *Le Prophète* (Meyerbeer), the Overture from *Euryanthe* (Weber), the Overture from *Maritana* (Wallace), Selections from *Les Huguenots* (Meyerbeer) and *Lucia di Lammermoor* (Donizetti), and several popular waltzes, quicksteps, and quadrilles.

Nowadays we should probably consider this quite a representative programme. The music critic of *The Times* held other views. Having deplored the fact that only *Euryanthe* was worthy of notice as an artistic composition, he added: 'Our military bands have reached a very high degree of perfection in regard to the mere talent of execution; but in other respects they have done little or nothing to assist the progress of the art. If the bandmasters who train them so zealously and well would endeavour to instil into them some notion of true music, instead of confining them almost wholly to the most ephemeral productions, their influence would be highly beneficial.'

Whether or not such remarks were justified, 'The Thunderer' was at least kinder to the military band than its musical contemporary of a few years later. After noticing a celebrity concert in the Philharmonic Rooms, Newman Street, *The Musical Times* concluded: 'A horn band of some regiment was unfortunately let into the room, and contrived to make a most distressing noise.'

**ALTHOUGH** by 1854 many of our staff bands, such as those of the Household Cavalry, the Guards, and the Royal Artillery, had attained a very high degree of proficiency, in the line regiments there was still no uniformity of instrumentation or training, and, worse still, no standard pitch.

During the Crimean War some 16,000 British troops celebrated the Queen's birthday with a grand review before the entire allied staffs. Everything went off perfectly, until the massed bands struck up the National Anthem, not only in different arrangements, but also in conflicting keys. Such a blatant display of ineptitude, which 'quite spoils the fine effect of the review', as a staff officer recorded, could hardly go unremedied. The matter was brought to the attention of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who was shortly afterwards appointed Commander-in-Chief. Within a few weeks of his appointment he caused a circular letter to be sent to the commanding-officer of every unit in the army. This historic document was dated 'Horse Guards. September 25, 1856', and began:

'His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, with a view to relieving regiments of the great expense now consequent upon the necessity of employing professional musicians, civilians, as masters of bands, has it in contemplation to recommend the establishment of a large musical class as part of the education of boys sent to the Royal Military Asylum, and for the instruction of persons sent to regiments to qualify for bugle-majors, trumpet-majors, and bandmasters, whose training would require special time and attention.'

The Duke gave a conservative estimate of £500-£600 for the initial outlay, with an annual expense of about £1000, this amount to be raised by subscriptions of £5 to £8 a year from each unit. 'The result', he concluded, 'would be a saving of expense to regiments, and would tend to permanent efficiency of regimental bands.'

The proposal met with unanimous approval. Accordingly, on 3rd March 1857, Britain's first Military School of Music was officially opened. It was housed then, as it is to-day, in the imposing mansion built at Twickenham in 1709 for Sir Godfrey Kneller, the painter. At first the staff was a modest one, comprising one 'Resident Instructor' and three professors; but presently this number was increased to ten, and included some of the finest wind instrumentalists in the country. The celebrated Carl Zeiss, formerly of the Brussels Conservatoire, was chief instructor of the trumpet, and among the professors of the clarinet section was Thomas Sullivan, whose son was later to achieve world fame as Sir

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Arthur of the Gilbert and Sullivan partnership.

In 1875 the Government assumed complete control of Kneller Hall; an army order abolished the engagement of civilian bandmasters, and henceforth none could attain that rank without first enlisting as bandsmen and graduating from the Hall. Other improvements quickly followed. The instrumentation and pitch of regimental bands were at last standardised, and the system and scope of training was such that only those with real talent could hope to pass the rigorous examinations qualifying them for bandmasterships.

**T**O-DAY the Royal Military School of Music is recognised as one of the best academies of its class in the world, and the term 'Kneller Hall trained' implies the highest standard of musicianship. The resident staff now includes three officers—Commandant, Director of Music, and Adjutant—and nineteen civilian professors, all of whom are acknowledged experts in their own spheres.

Although all bandmasters are trained at Kneller Hall, only those bandsmen with exceptional talent are selected for admission. Most army bands prefer to enlist boys at the age of about 15, so that by the time they reach 18 years and are officially ranked as 'Bandsmen'—'Musicians' in the Household Cavalry and the Guards—they have already achieved some proficiency on their instruments. Normally, their entire musical training is in the hands of the regimental bandmaster, assisted by the band sergeant and corporals. If they show outstanding promise they may become eligible for entrance to Kneller Hall on a 'pupil's' course of one year. This includes specialised instruction on their particular instrument, together with theoretical work, harmony, and aural training. At the end of this course the bandsman returns to his unit: later, if he has attained the necessary qualifications, including the Army First Class Certificate of Education and non-commissioned rank, he may then be recommended for readmission to the Hall as a 'student', or candidate for a bandmastership.

The course of study for a bandmaster's position is extremely thorough and exacting. The official syllabus at present includes not only theoretical and practical work on *all* instruments of the military band, but also

advanced harmony and counterpoint, church and choral music, band and orchestral instrumentation and scoring, management and administration, and, of course, conducting. The training is generally accepted to be equal in its own sphere to that offered by the leading civilian schools of music, such as the Royal College and the Royal Academy. Indeed, while the student is at the Hall he is encouraged to sit for the examinations of these professional bodies, which may earn him the diplomas A.R.C.M. or L.R.A.M.

However, musicianship is not all that matters. Queen's Regulations emphasise that 'marked stability of character, exemplary conduct, manners, appearance, general education, and military bearing are equally as indispensable for a bandmaster as superior musical knowledge and musical talent.'

The average candidate spends about three years at Kneller Hall, in addition to his preliminary year as a pupil, before he is ready to take the final examinations for a bandmastership. This appointment carries with it the rank of Warrant Officer Class I—equivalent to Regimental Sergeant-Major. Unlike the R.S.M., however, the bandmaster is classed as a non-combatant, and does not usually accompany his regiment on active service.

The first commissioned bandmaster in the British army was the famous Dan Godfrey of the Grenadier Guards, who was awarded the honorary rank of 2nd Lieutenant in 1887. To-day, every bandmaster has the opportunity of becoming an officer. After a minimum of three years' service he can take the Advanced Certificate Examination, which qualifies him for promotion to commissioned rank. Subsequent promotion depends upon vacancies in the staff bands: these, including the Guards, the Royal Artillery, and the various Corps, are the only ones entitled to commissioned bandmasters.

In the Regular Army there are now 118 bands, with an establishment of 122 officers and warrant officers, 4870 bandsmen and—a post-war innovation—about 40 bandswomen. The latter belong to the Women's Royal Army Corps, and are the first women's band to be enlisted in the army.

It should not be thought that a bandsman is a musician only. He is a soldier too, and must do his share of weapon-training and other military duties to fit him for active service with his unit. His pay is the same as that of a

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private soldier, though, of course, he can obtain the usual increments for length of service and proficiency, and is eligible for promotion to non-commissioned rank within the band.

**T**HOUGH the instrumentation of the military band has long been standardised, the actual number of performers may vary from unit to unit. The following might be taken as typical for the band of an average line regiment:

Flutes and Piccolos	2	Bassoon	1
Clarinets in E $\flat$	2	Trumpets	2
Solo Clarinets in B $\flat$	3	Cornets	2
1st Clarinets in B $\flat$	3	French Horns	4
2nd Clarinets in B $\flat$	3	Tenor Trombones	2
3rd Clarinets in B $\flat$	3	Bass Trombone	1
Oboes	2	Euphoniums	2
Alto Saxophone	1	Tubas	2
Tenor Saxophones	2	Percussion	2

It will be seen that the clarinet section is easily the largest. These instruments form the principal melodic group in the band, being equivalent to the orchestral violins and violas.

In addition to their officially recognised bands, many regiments maintain small string

orchestras and dance ensembles, the expense of which is usually borne by the officers.

It is not always appreciated that the military band is a unit quite separate and distinct from the regimental drums and bugles. These are known as the Corps of Drums. Their training and discipline are entirely the responsibility of the drum-major, not the bandmaster, and, though they may perform drum and fife music for ceremonial parades and on the march, their chief duty is the sounding of the various routine calls in barracks.

Reviewing a concert by the Guards' bands in 1880, the *Illustrated London News* had this to say:

'It is no exaggeration to claim that the military bands of our regular army have now attained to such a standard of perfection as to rank them among the finest in the world . . . Their performance, their discipline and bearing, are such that wherever they may be seen and heard, at home or in the several foreign stations where they are called upon to serve, they may be truly calculated to bring credit to themselves, to their regiments, and to the armed forces of the Queen.'

These remarks were made more than seventy years ago. They are still true to-day.

## Treasure Trove

*My master says good fortune comes  
To beast as well as man—  
An organ-grinder's monkey may  
Find silver in his can.*

*This afternoon a butcher-boy  
Went whistling on his way  
And, unobservant, dropped a bone—  
So succulent it lay!*

*Within my master's easy-chair  
I have concealed that prize.  
Lean times and loneliness may come  
And some reserve is wise.*

*To-night, when all our work is done,  
And master takes his rest,  
I'll watch him lovingly, and know  
He guards my treasure-chest.*

VIVIAN HENDERSON.



## Club Cycle

VALENTINE BOUCHER

WITH a sigh of professional pride, Barker, night porter of the east entrance of the Club, gave a final rub to the brass banisters which flanked the staircase leading to the Ladies' Rooms of the first-floor and then on up to the Members' Bedrooms so that they shone a mellow gold in rivalry with the sun, climbing at that moment into the sky from behind the buildings of Trafalgar Square.

At that moment, too, the bell at the door announced the arrival of Thomas, valet on early duty and an hour ahead of his colleagues. 'Full?' asked Thomas.

'Full,' replied Barker. 'Gave 36 to that young Mr Torquil. Came in at two o'clock—regimental dinner by the looks of 'im.'

Thomas grinned. 'Regimental dinner and a night club to follow, if you ask me,' he said. 'Living spit of 'is pa thirty years ago.'

They talked, friends of many years standing, for a minute or two. Then Barker discarded his green baize apron, donned cap and coat, and let himself out of the Club for his own bed, while Thomas climbed the stairs to get the kettles going for morning tea and to start his shoe-cleaning. As he reached the second-floor landing, he paused to note the calling instructions which members had written overnight on the slate outside his pantry.

'Blimey,' he murmured, 'Sir Edward's 'ere again. I'd know 'is writing a mile off. Squalls ahead for someone.' Thomas was an ex-sailor.

Brigadier-General Sir Edward Mulholland was a well-known Club character. His visits to town were occasional, but what they lacked in frequency they certainly made up for in fireworks.

This morning Sir Edward's instructions read: '7.30, China tea, TIMES.' The word TIMES was underlined thrice. At his last visit, Ernest, the junior valet, had inadvertently presented him on waking with a conspicuously less austere journal and had not yet lived down the occasion. The bikini-clad Beauty Queen who adorned the front page had done nothing to lighten Sir Edward's morn.

The other side of the Club, essentially an all-male preserve, was coming to life as well. Edith and Kate, the smoking-room waitresses, apronless and with their hair swathed in dusters, were emptying ash-trays and laying out the new papers; from somewhere a Hoover hummed; Johnson, the night porter, was arranging the member's mail before handing over to Taylor, his day colleague; already the weather forecast was clicking its way on to a virgin sheet in the ticker-machine.



By 8 o'clock Walker, the cashier, had taken his place behind his desk in the corner of the coffee-room, and the Club was ready for another day.

AT 8.15, to the second, Sir Edward, the first breakfaster, entered. 8.15 had been his breakfast hour ever since his ensign days and, dammit sir, 8.15 would be his breakfast hour certainly till death, and probably well into Valhalla thereafter.

His meal was a running commentary, which touched such subjects as the quality of the coffee, the crass stupidity of the government in power, the criminal tendencies of the opposition, and the type of member the Club was letting in nowadays; to all of which Williams, the head waiter, listened with the mixture of respect and reproof that so became him. He and Sir Edward had been dear enemies for upwards of a quarter of a century. One of Wellington's leaner Generals gazed down understandingly from his golden frame. He had been a foundation member of the Club, and this was the type of breakfast conversation of which he thoroughly approved.

By now other members were drifting in and soon the coffee-room presented a typical picture of the Britisher at breakfast. Silently the eaters guided eggs and bacon to their mouths, their eyes never moving from the leader-page of *The Times*, conveniently propped up in racks before them.

Last to arrive, at 9.55, just five minutes before the breakfast period officially ended, was young Torquil. Pale and drawn, he sought a pot of strong black coffee for his needs. Then he took his bill to the cashier's desk. 'Did you have morning tea, sir?' began Walker. But quickly he recognised the situation. He was a man of sympathy and, let it be admitted, humour. 'It's quite all right, sir,' he went on hurriedly. 'Don't try to talk. Just nod or shake your head and I'll have your bill out in a second.'

Of such stuff are Club servants made.

THE morning was a quiet period for the Club and saw only the steady arrival of the regulars from their bachelor quarters in the purlieus of St James's. Like elderly homing-pigeons, long retired from racing, they made for their particular corners of the roost—some to the smoking-room to tackle

the crossword puzzles before the luncheon crowd could get at them; others to the library to stake their claim to a favourite chair and to read leather-bound volumes of bygone campaigns. One, in jodhpurs and grey bowler, looked as though he was off to Newmarket, but he never was. He would remain in the Club until 9.30 p.m. precisely and would then depart into the night for—where?

At half-past twelve the stream of lunchers began to arrive. This was Taylor's hour. The mail arranged in neat piles in front of him, his stool drawn close up to the window of his cubby-hole, his face a shining welcome, he was ready for all comers. By his side stood Mrs Evans, his henchwoman, equally ready for the fray. She it was who, like a spaniel, worked the Club covers for members wanted on the phone or required in the hall to collect a guest. Theirs was perfect teamwork.

Now the stream was gathering momentum. Taylor had a word for everyone. 'No mail to-day, sir'; 'Your holiday's done you good, General'; 'Two stalls for the Haymarket? I think I can manage that, sir' (he always did when all the agencies had failed); 'I really wouldn't recommend Silver Gem to-day, my Lord. Gordon's got that race in his pocket'; 'If you'll take a seat in the hall, sir, I'll call Major Harbottle'; 'Her Ladyship rang up, Sir Richard, and said please not to forget the order from the Stores.'

The crowd divided into groups, each heading towards its accustomed haunt. Upstairs to the quick-lunch room went the married men with families still to educate, to partake of grilled herrings or sausages and mashed; a younger contingent made for the bar—what a General Meeting that was at which the decision to open a bar had been won by a narrow majority, and how many a country graveyard had heaved with turning corpses when the result was known; those with serious views about luncheon repaired to the smoking-room for a more dignified apéritif.

A small but determined band was to be seen entering the dining-room on the stroke of 12.45. They were the worshippers at the shrine of Mrs Parkins and they were making sure that no heathen should invade their sanctuary. They were gay pilgrims, for Mrs Parkins's table possessed a special quality. Others had their characteristics, perhaps. It was rumoured, for example, that at Holden's

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the service was immaculately deft and that at Elizabeth's a double helping of cream was not uncommon. But Mrs Parkins's had the family spirit too, with pleasant little attendant ceremonies, such as the daily presentation to her by the Brigadier of his buttonhole.

Mrs Parkins knew a great deal about her clientele. She was the motherly sort who invited confidences. Her favourite, if indeed she had one, was a senior officer, who as the result of gross overwork during the war, had given himself a severe digestive complaint. Mrs Parkins referred to him as 'my duodenal'. Now, 'my duodenal' was inclined to attempt liberties with his diet, but Mrs Parkins stood no nonsense of that sort. It mattered not what he put down on his bill—what he got was boiled fish and a milk-pudding. Mrs Parkins saw to that.

Her day was made if it was possible to engage her in one really good row with the kitchen during the course of luncheon. For years they had waged war. It was easy to manage.

'I know it says vanilla on the menu, Mrs Parkins,' remarked one of her flock one day, 'but if you could make it a chocolate ice I should be so grateful.'

The hint was all that was required. 'Bless your heart,' replied Mrs Parkins, 'of course you shall have a choc ice if you want one.'

Metaphorically rolling up her sleeves, and with the light of battle in her eyes, she strode towards the swing-doors of the kitchen. Soon she was back in triumph, armed, need it be said, with the chocolate ice. 'That was lovely,' she proclaimed. 'He had to go right down to the bottom of the fridge for it! They were keeping the chocs for dinner.'

It was the day of a Garden Party, and so the ladies' side of the Club presented a pleasantly-animated scene too. Only the most critical of observers could have detected the direction in which the bulk of the family exchequer had been laid out, so gallantly had they all turned out in their finery for this great occasion.

The mothers looked charming, as mothers always do, even though it had been necessary to press into service once more the frock that had done initial duty at the last Viceroy's reception in Delhi before we quit India. Skillful touches here and there had, however, rendered the fact almost unnoticeable.

The most rigorous of ironing and the most meticulous of airing had, on the other hand, only just succeeded in concealing the vintage nature of the fathers' morning-coats and the fact that their removal from mothball was now a very occasional business. In some cases expanding waistlines and a certain difficulty in doing up the single coat-button gave the show away. But no criticism could be levelled at the dazzling white of the fathers' linen, the festivity of their pale-grey ties, and the shine on the best pair of black shoes, polished overnight and not, of course, donned until after the chickens had been fed that morning.

The daughters, hard-working secretaries, physiotherapists, and students of drama or the arts for the rest of the week, were to-day those most delightful of young creatures, English débutantes, charmingly aware of the new outfit, which had perhaps hit the family purse a nasty crack, but which no one would regret afterwards—for had they not 'been to London to see the Queen!'

COFFEE-TIME in the smoking-room on the other side of the Club was the friendliest time of the day. Blue with smoke, the room buzzed with conversation, and Edith and Kate, as much a part of the fabric of the Club as the marble busts of long-forgotten warriors in the hall, and an infinitely more agreeable one, were at their most busy.

Kate was approaching the official age for retirement. Edith, stout and brimful of Irish blarney, had passed it some time before, but had found a simple remedy for that situation. She had merely continued to come to work and, by this direct form of stay-in strike, had eventually forced an embarrassed Committee to frame a new set of bylaws to cover her case, well knowing, if the question had been forced to the vote, which way the weight of public opinion would have gone. 'My gentlemen couldn't do without me,' Edith had said, and in that she wasn't far wrong.

It was Edith's kindly habit to fill her apron-pockets with sugar and to force extra lumps on her favoured patrons. To those who preferred their coffee without sugar, the swallowing of a cup containing six or seven lumps was something of a penance. It had to be done, however, for Edith would have been sorely distressed if her gift had been disdained.

**S**LOWLY the luncheon crowd began to thin out, for the majority had work to return to. By now the tape-machine racegoers had gathered in a knot round the grooved board in the hall, on which the runners for the first race had already been posted. Two or three of them would stay there for the whole afternoon's racing. A scrutiny of the runners; a hurried consultation with Taylor at his desk; a visit to the telephone-booth to place a bet; then back to the ticker for the result—such was the easy routine of this form of race-going.

Now the regulars were to be seen repairing to the library for the serious business of sleep, and the Club gradually sank into the deep oblivion of an English summer's afternoon, to come to life again for tea—tea and biscuits for the regulars; something a bit huskier in the way of crumpets or plum-cake for younger appetites, sharpened perhaps by an after-work game of squash.

Cocktail-time saw the refilling of the bar, glamourised this evening by the presence of members in tail-coats and tinkling miniatures who had arrived for their regimental dinner and who were beating the pistol with a bracer before joining the assembly in the banqueting-hall upstairs.

For the ordinary members, dinner was a leisurely meal, still enjoying much of the dignity which must have attended it when the foundation members, now but oil-paintings in floodlit frames, had sat at these very tables a hundred years before.

To-night, however, the meal was enlivened by the presence of Sir Edward Mulholland, for whom the day had gone badly. In the bus that morning, on his way to see his solicitor to amend for the hundredth time a much-changed will, the clippie had addressed him as 'gran'pa'. The noise and clamour of lunchtime had as usual got on his nerves. 'Dam' place getting more and more like a dam' pub.' He was ready for battle.

The youngest wine waiter read his drink order. It was for a pint of draft lager. The boy brought it, as was customary, in a tankard. Sir Edward froze him with a stare. 'Jug!' he barked.

'Sir?' queried the waiter, to whom the

unexpected command had conjured up visions of the barred windows of a prison-cell.

The staff had well-tested tactics for Sir Edward's difficult nights. Reserves were already rallying behind their young colleague—the first line, Holland, the wine steward, the second, Williams, the head waiter.

'What do you require, sir?' asked Holland, taking his place in the front-line.

'Jug, man—jug—beer—jug.' The monosyllables had the staccato note of a machine-gun.

Sir Edward continued with some general comments on the understanding of plain English. Holland turned to Williams, his eyebrows raised. Williams turned to Sir Edward. 'Jug, Sir Edward? Beer in a jug?' There was a wealth of pained surprise in his voice. 'Sir Edward requires his beer in a jug,' said Williams to the wine waiter.

Fifteen all.

The boy scurried away with the offending tankard. By now the drink servery was in the plot. They chose a jug that held, and only just held, Sir Edward's beer. With steady young hand the waiter returned with it to the table and laid it down. With a much less steady hand Sir Edward went to pour his first glassful. It was too much for him. A generous measure disappeared down his sleeve. One of Nelson's captains could scarce forbear to cheer.

Game and set.

**S**OON the night reliefs were complete. By 11 o'clock only a few revellers from the regimental dinner and a table of bridge remained in the Club. They were served with final drinks by the duty waiter.

Barker had arrived at the east entrance and was reading the Late Night Final in his cubby-hole by the aged lift. When he was assured that the Ladies' Rooms were empty and the last member had gone to bed, he took a tin of metal-polish and worked his way slowly upstairs anointing the brass banisters. They would remain anointed through the night. Just before dawn he would polish them against another day, and the Club would have gone full cycle.

# Protectors of our Food and Drink

## *Public Analysts and Their Work*

ARNOLD R. TANKARD, F.R.I.C.

IT was in the year 1875 that the Society of Public Analysts held its first general meeting, at the Cannon Street Hotel, in London. Prior to this event, Parliament had passed legislation, in 1860 and 1872, designed to safeguard the purity of foods, but it proved unsatisfactory, and the first notable Act for the purpose of food control and the suppression of adulteration became law in 1875. Since that time this Act has been amended and enlarged in scope, and public analysts now work mainly under the consolidated legislation passed in 1938. Still more recently, the Ministry of Food exercised a beneficent control over some of the former activities of the Ministry of Health, and promulgated a number of regulations and fixed quality standards for foods, in order to prevent the sale of worthless substitutes and to standardise the composition of certain classes of foods and beverages. Valuable powers are now also available to ensure the proper labelling of foods of many kinds, including the terms of the disclosures to be made by manufacturers of vitaminised foods.

The public analyst of to-day, therefore, has more comprehensive and arduous duties to perform than at any previous time, and it is largely his own fault! From the earliest days of its history, the Society of Public Analysts—later the Society of Public Analysts and Other Analytical Chemists\*—began to work out standards of composition for milk, butter, and other foods, such standards being based on the accumulated knowledge and experience of its members. Where the necessary information was lacking, the public analysts

of that day, and their successors for many years thereafter, carried out researches in their own laboratories into the composition of natural foodstuffs and the limits of variation to be found. They invented methods for the analysis of these foods, and this disinterested work continues down to the present day.

Public analysts discovered many of the food adulterants in use at one time and another, and published in their own journal, *The Analyst*, methods for the detection of foreign substances and for the determination of the amounts present. It is within the writer's experience that in the private laboratories of many public analysts—there were no whole-time officers with laboratories and staffs provided by the local authorities for many years after the passing of the 1875 Act—an appreciable part of the staff was employed on research work in connection with the adulteration of food and kindred matters, at the sole expense of the analyst. This work still goes on.

MANY years ago it was suggested in certain quarters that the work of the public analyst was to the disadvantage of the food industry, but few will now be found to hold such a view, for it has been abundantly disproved. It is to the great advantage of all honest food manufacturers and traders that a dishonest person should be prevented from foisting his inferior products, or his adulterated foods, upon an unsuspecting public, and no fair-dealing manufacturer has any cause for alarm at the tightening up of regulations against food-faking and misdescription. That which protects the consumer, equally secures the honest trader against the machinations

\* Since this article was written, the Society has been reorganised, and its legitimate successor is the Association of Public Analysts.

## PROTECTORS OF OUR FOOD AND DRINK

of the dishonest ones, who can undercut prices and in that way damage the trade and reputation of those vending pure and good-quality foods.

The control now exercised over the sale of foods and beverages has at last come to be recognised by the food industry as in its interest and to its benefit. This is largely because of the careful work of the officers of the Ministry of Food and the Ministry of Health, and because of the thoroughly adequate training and qualifications of public analysts. From the moment of its inauguration, the Society of Public Analysts regarded this question of qualification for such responsible work as of paramount importance, and it was the first concern of the young Society. Then, in 1877, the Institute of Chemistry, now the Royal Institute of Chemistry, was founded, and in due course became the examining body for chemists, here distinguished from pharmacists, throughout the British Isles. A chemist who has the diploma of the Institute, either the A.R.I.C. or the F.R.I.C., with the further certificates of proficiency in Branch E (the examination of food, drugs, and water), and in therapeutics, microscopy, and pharmacology, may with certainty be regarded as a fit and proper person to be appointed public analyst. The Fellowship of the Royal Institute of Chemistry is the hallmark of the qualified chemist to-day, and the various Government departments employing chemists recognise this status. The diplomas and certificates of the Institute are the necessary equipment required by the Ministry of Food before confirming the appointment of a public analyst.

THE history of food adulteration is long and interesting. In 1757 Wilkinson wrote of the 'frightful truths' regarding the adulteration of bread with ground bones, chalk, whiting, and alum, and a year later Markham added soap and other undesirable substances to Wilkinson's list. F. C. Accum, of 'Death in the Pot' fame, issued his treatise on *Adulterations of Food and Culinary Poisons* in 1820, and disclosed that gypsum and pipeclay were also added to bread. In giving many examples of adulterated food and beverages, he published the names of the offenders, and there can be little doubt that his book did much to hasten an official inquiry into the alarming sophistication of food.

In the year 1850 T. Wakley, editor of the *Lancet*, and himself a medical man, established the *Lancet* Analytical Sanitary Commission to examine the purity of foods sold in London and its environs. Drs Hassall, Letheby, and others made startling discoveries as a result of their work, which continued for five years. The *Lancet* published their reports, giving the names of the offending traders, and shortly afterwards, in 1855, a Select Parliamentary Committee was set up to inquire into the whole subject. In that year, Tennyson's poem *Maud* appeared, and contained the lines:

*And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to  
the poor for bread,  
And the spirit of murder works in the very  
means of life.*

The first two Adulteration Acts having proved unsatisfactory, a new Parliamentary Committee was convened, and it reported that there were conflicting views as to what constituted adulteration, and that the Adulteration Act needed amendment. Thus the 1875 Sale of Food and Drugs Act became law, and it gave the necessary powers to local authorities for many years.

In 1874 two London public analysts called a meeting of their colleagues in the country, when resolutions were passed on the training and qualifications of public analysts, the adulteration of tea, the declaration of mixtures by label, and on the formation of an association of public analysts 'for the purpose of mutual assistance and co-operation'. The resulting Society of Public Analysts held its first general meeting in 1875, as already stated, and from then on continued to act as the medium for the presentation and discussion of papers on the composition and adulteration of foods and drugs, and allied subjects. The passing years enlarged the scope of the Society, later named the Society of Public Analysts and Other Analytical Chemists, and commercial analysts and professors and teachers of chemistry and the related sciences were to be found amongst its members. It is no overstatement to say that the food legislation of this country, in so far as it is satisfactory, owes very much to the activities of public analysts. *The Analyst*, the journal of the newly-formed Society for Analytical Chemistry, has a deservedly high reputation all over the world, and is the leading publication on analytical chemistry



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in this country. The Association of Public Analysts is now a separate organisation.

THE writer has given over forty years' service, first as assistant to public analysts, and then for thirty years as public analyst for a large English city, and is thus in a position to testify to the care and consideration given to the work of the public analyst, from the analyses made in the laboratories, to the legal officials concerned in recommending the action to be taken, if any, on the analyst's certificates, and to the local authorities' committees which review the whole matter from the public point of view and make decisions after hearing the views of their officials.

A much-needed consolidation of the Food Acts has now been carried out with the passing in 1954 of the Food and Drugs Amendment Act, which also contains certain desirable food hygiene regulations which may be made. Under the auspices of the Ministry of Food, now amalgamated with the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, the public analyst members of a committee assist in making recommendations regarding the setting up of food standards.

There is, moreover, a pressing need for a thorough investigation into all forms of chemical treatment of foods, with a view to the suppression of those methods and usages found to be undesirable or of doubtful character. More than four years have elapsed since the Scientific Committee of the Ministry of Health recommended that the use of nitrogen trichloride (agene) as a flour improver and bleacher be discontinued, as has been done in the United States, and, although our

Government of the day accepted this recommendation, we are now told that agene treatment will not be replaced until the end of 1955, when chlorine dioxide will be used.

At no time has the doctoring of foods with chemicals been more widely practised. Foods are preserved, coloured, bleached, and artificially flavoured; they have 'fat extenders' added which reduce their nutritive value; crops (including fruits) are sprayed with toxic chemicals; emulsifiers and stabilisers are added to ice-cream, salad cream, etc.; and this list could be much lengthened. Some of these treatments are desirable, but require regulation. In certain cases, colouring, for example, the food is often enhanced in appearance though not in quality: rather is the consumer deceived into thinking he is getting a better product than is actually the case. Some colours once used or recommended are toxic, and even carcinogenic—that is to say, tumour-forming, but no real scientific inquiry on the requisite scale has been made in this country.

It would appear that, because of present living conditions, the use of chemicals in foods has enormously increased. It must be emphasised that some of these added substances are not harmless. The writer's view is that the consumer's interest is paramount. If we cannot be assured, after scientific investigation and without undue delay, that these additions to foods are quite free from any undesirable effects, then, whatever the awkwardness of the situation from the food manufacturer's point of view, the public should be legally protected from their use. Many of these chemicals serve no useful purpose to the consumer, and their employment should cease.

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### Shepherd's Purse

*'Little shepherd, what have you got?'  
'A little purse, but it holds a lot.  
A pinch of pollen, a pinch of seed,  
To turn to pennies for all I need.'*

*'Little shepherd, or little elf,  
Where can I get a purse myself,  
With magic in it to make me rich?'  
'In any field, or by any ditch;*

*There you could find a purse, my friend,  
With magic money for you to spend,  
But first of all you would have to be  
A little old shepherd-elf, like me.'*

ELIZABETH FLEMING.



# My Kingdom for a Horseman

## I.—How to Acquire an Owner

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### CAVALETTI

*'I tuk a fut rule t'other night and measured off a whole yard of real downright 'ard printin' on the single word 'oss . . . until one would expect to arrive at a grand climax of h'ignorance instead of gleanin' wisdom.'*

MR JORROCKS.

NOW that Foxhunter has had a book published, it is time more horses wrote a few books to counter the spate of stuff that gets turned out to-day about management, training, and what not.

There was a time when horses could more or less do what they liked with their riders, and, although some of the youngsters may have gone too far, on the whole we treated them well. But now with all these books, with pony clubs and horsemanship courses, the whole thing is becoming scientific; humans are getting together far too much, and soon a horse's life won't be worth living. It's most alarming. I've talked it over with lots of my friends—I will say this about shows, we do get around more than we did, and the internal-combustion engine has served us well—and they agree that I'm a pretty average horse with wide experience, and my owners have been pretty average too, so I'm just the one to write such a book. I hope I shall help other horses to enlarge their knowledge of the art of schooling and managing their owners, thereby gaining pleasure and profit all round. I shall touch briefly on most aspects of equitation, keeping in mind throughout all this modern craze for a scientific approach—as if horses or humans had changed! Yet in my lifetime I can remember 'Turn your toes in or you'll get scraped off in a gateway', and then 'Turn your toes out or you'll have no lateral control'; and now, believe it or not, they've started the 'Turn

your toes in' business again, though why I can't think, when they make gates wide enough for a tractor nowadays. Just a fashion probably, invented by the know-alls to make the others look silly. I've heard it's a foreign idea.

Laugh! They ought to hear us talking when we get together, and what we think of some of them, for all their books. Mind you, once they're properly mastered and broken they're not too bad, and it does pay to treat them well. Humans aren't very intelligent, but with patience they can be taught quite a lot, and one is well repaid by their loyalty and affection; they've given me a lot of pleasure in my lifetime, and I've learned from my failures as well as my successes.

BUT that's all by the way. This is a book for the horse who really wants to train an owner so that he or she is a pleasure to take out and does one credit, so I'll have to start with one of the most crucial things of all—acquiring the right sort of owner. Once you get the wrong sort, it's often hard to get rid of them, particularly if one is sentimental enough to like them to go to a good home. No one wants them, and when you look around a sale-ring with a practised eye and start to fault them, there are not many that fill the eye. Some look a handful and some have seen a lot of work; some have a mean eye and a few look actually sour. The silly ones sometimes come to hand, but a horse has his pride, and a really silly owner is incurable unless very young. Just when you think they're coming on, they let you down. You can never really trust them, and that goes for the ones that have got a bit too clever as well.

Then lots of them are up to far too much weight; you want to avoid the type that are

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good doers. It seems a funny thing to say, but you also want to avoid the kind that run up very light; they are inclined to ride much too hard and are apt to be hot. They are fond of going in for point-to-points or show-jumping, and now there are these three-day events as well. It's all right if you are young and don't mind keeping in hard training; the food and conditions are good as a rule, but if you want a quiet life, I'll tell you the stamp to look out for. Middle-aged; not too young and flighty, but not doddering and nervous or past a bit of work; a kind, sensible head and mild eye, well let down behind and the sort that looks as if it could stay. And make sure they've got sound legs and good feet—an owner that has gone in the pins is too much of a liability. They should be in fair condition; you want to avoid the very poor ones, for they're not likely to improve, and everything about them is generally in keeping. Beware of the ones that are coarse and run to fat too, although this kind generally get someone else to go to sales for them.

Lots of horses are prejudiced against women owners, but I've had several, and there is a lot to be said for them one way and another. Not the tough kind that runs a riding-school on a throat-leash; the ones with a wedding-ring are more reliable as a rule. Women owners are gentler and easier to train, and they've got a sentimental streak you can play on in a way you hardly ever can with a man. They are more nervous and temperamental, it is true, and they make you do fool tricks like shaking hands, but, weighed up against the extra work and extra couple of stone you get with the men, you might do worse.

A lot depends on the selection you've got to choose from. The trouble is that these things need experience, and, as I said before, it is easy to get landed with an unsuitable owner and find him hard to get rid of.

**T**HERE are two usual ways of acquiring owners; one is by private sale or advertisement and the other is at a public auction. You have less time at a public auction, but there is a wider choice. The great thing is to make up your mind in advance the type of owner you are looking for, and act accordingly. Find out as much as you can from the other horses, and when you've picked out a likely sort, try him out before-

hand in a few simple paces and see how he feels. If you want to see life, it's no use resting your legs, hanging your head, and looking as if you couldn't get a furlong, but it puts off the energetic types. The nervous sort can be discouraged by rolling an eye and showing the white, or stamping and letting out now and again at an imaginary fly, but the danger of this is that you're likely to be landed with a dealer or one of the poor sort who is not too particular. Some horses think a dealer is a hopeless proposition, but I don't agree; you live well, meet interesting horses, and can take your time looking out for the pick of his lot.

Once you spot a likely owner, try the positive method. Cultivate a kind of dumb appeal, especially if it is a woman, and look her full in the eye. A benign or pleading look goes down well. Reach out your nose as if you expected something, but make sure they're not nervous and misunderstand your friendly gesture by letting out at you instead. When they say 'The darling— isn't he sweet?' the deal is as good as done. 'Prettiness' helps a lot, and blondes score over this, but either you have it or you haven't; personally, I haven't, although I can make the most of myself when it suits me. The type that uses the words 'pretty' or 'dainty' in connection with horses is pretty green and going to take a lot of schooling, so be warned. But it riles me to see some sickle-hocked, ewe-necked thing get away with it just because she is grey or chestnut, which always catch the eye.

The 'butter wouldn't melt in my mouth' look has stood me in good stead, probably because it goes with my type. A friend of mine had brought this to a fine art and told me it once had an unfortunate repercussion, for he had decided he couldn't stick his owner any longer, one of the really silly sort— couldn't make up her mind, highly-strung, and looked like a hay-bag. Well, just as everything was fixed, my friend said, he was practising his expression ready for the sale-ring, when blest if she didn't catch him at it and say, 'When he looks like that I can't bear to think of him with anyone else,' and it was all off. He told me he had to take some pretty drastic action after that, and felt badly about it, for her faults were only the result of early mismanagement, so the moral is that you don't want to overdo things.

Dishing and brushing are useful ways of putting off undesirable owners, even dealers

## MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSEMAN

and vets. Dealers and vets look a bit alike; they generally have small blue eyes, neat legs, and shabby cars, but the best way of telling them is because they listen a lot, but you seldom catch them talking. Dealers talk all right when they are at one end of a sale, but they don't give much away.

If it's a private sale, you try a likely owner and see if he gives you a good ride. By that time you will have sized up his good and bad points and can act accordingly. A quiet voice and hands are things to go for, and a sensible, business-like way of setting about things; a playful buck won't come amiss to this kind, and gives you some idea of what they're made of, but the main thing is to keep your eyes and ears well open. Listen to hear if they've got some pet saddle or bit—especially bit. They seldom realise that if they have good hands almost any bit is easy, and if they have bad hands any bit is hell. The ones who say 'I never use anything but a —' and who fidget with reins and leathers just to walk once round the yard will drive you crazy in a very short time.

ONCE the deal has been made, it is inevitable that you will begin to see all the bad points in your 'bargain', but give him a chance to settle down. Remember they are

nervous creatures and everything is strange to them at first, so one has to make allowances.

I chose my present owner with particular care, as I wanted to settle down. When I first caught sight of her, quite by chance at a meet, she took my eye; light of bone, a bit ewe-necked, but the sort that, like myself, wasn't likely to put on more weight, and she looked healthy. Green, yes—practically verdant, but comparatively unspoiled and free from vice. Kind, silly, sentimental, but docile and good-hearted. I foresaw an easy life without being disgraced. Master seemed quietly prosperous; he had had some job in the Middle East, and she had learned to ride there, because there was nothing much else to do, but from what I gathered it was all pretty amateurish, civil service riding-club sort of thing with pith-helmets, scratch polo, and paper-chases. But she looked dead quiet, with a nice temperament, and she didn't look as if she had done a lot of work, so I made up my mind there and then, looked pleadingly at her, and stretched out my nose with a soft whinny. She was mine from that moment, and I've never regretted it, although there have been times when I was sorry I had taken on an oldish owner so set in her ways. But she's done me well on the whole, and I like to think she is in good hands.

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### The Simple Glory

*Count the motes that dance in sunbeams;  
Estimate the grains of sand  
Spread along the endless beaches;  
Tick the moments time has spanned.*

*Gauge the interstellar spaces,  
Weigh the galaxies beyond;  
Name each leaf that shades the forest,  
Every blade of grass and frond.*

*Plumb the waters of the ocean;  
Tell your losses, prove your gains:  
Find a word for every notion  
Till your weary heart complains.*

*Cease these barren computations;  
See a mountain in a stone.  
Does not every rose that greets us  
Fold in splendour beauty's throne?*

HAROLD F. BRADLEY.



## The Golden Egg

NORMAN L. GOODLAND

SYLVIA opened her eyes. Outside the bedroom window the thatch hung deep and sheltering. The quaint old blacksmith-made catches stood out against the moonlight like iron leaves.

'Prrr—prrr . . . rrr . . . rrr . . .'

There it was again—the nightjar! Sylvia remembered hearing it last summer, and the summer before that. She told Daddy about it then, when he came in from milking, smelling of the cows. Daddy said that whoever found the spot in the field from whence the nightjar sang would find a golden egg. So she searched and searched all over the field on Pepperlands, but she did not find the golden egg. She told Daddy how hard she had searched. He said what a pity it was that she could not find it, for then they would all have been rich. He thought one of the cows must have picked it up by mistake and eaten it.

Sylvia did not hear the nightjar after that—not until now. She lay and listened to it. Its strange, endless song danced on the ceiling, all white and quiet with its shadows in the corners. Even the bedroom furniture seemed to be listening—the mirror of her dressing-table, full of soft images, her beloved trinket-set quietly glowing. The wardrobe in the corner, tall, still, and dim, seemed to be listening too.

Sylvia got out of bed. If she climbed up to kneel on her dressing-table, she was just tall enough to see down the long tunnel of the window-recess, and outside. As she did so, the sound seemed louder than ever.

She looked down into the yard. There were parallel lines and boxes and oblongs painted upon the white concrete. The tilted tops of the paling-fence looked up at her like a row of tiny mirrors. The blocks and squares of outhouse roofs were in a jumble, black and white.

The song came from beyond the black point of the barn, beyond Home Field, beyond the further barbed-wire fence, with its stake-shadows in a slanting line. It went on and on, and rattled on the roofs below, and echoed in the sky. And then she thought she had it—on the side of Pepperlands, right in the middle of the same field as before.

She eased her knees, and the glass candlestick slipped to the carpet with a soft tinkle. She looked at once towards the white door on top of the step. No sound came from the big bedroom beyond it. Quickly she got down from the dressing-table, crossed the room, and tugged on the leather thong of the door leading to the back stairs. The wooden latch gave with a jerk and a clatter. Still there was no sound from the big bedroom. She crept down

## THE GOLDEN EGG

the twisted stairs, into the old part of the house, which Daddy used as a storeroom.

One shaft of moonlight fell across the rows of meal-sacks. The room smelt warm, sweet, musty, all at the same time. There was a furtive scurrying into corners, a rough feeling of dry powder upon her bare feet. She went on into the old dairy. The air was chilled by slate shelves and slabs of brick. On towards the vegetable-garden she went, and stood by the back-door, filled with the wonder of it all.

The very air danced with the wheezing, purring sound of the nightjar. It filled soft corners, the shadows beneath the still plum-tree, the thickset hedge with its crooked pleaches stuck into the high bank. It quivered among powder-blue rows of garden greens, danced in the haze over the pastures, and in the dim shapes of woods on Pepperlands.

Quickly she ran through the garden-gate, crossed the road by the dairy, all scattered with toys she had played with that day, and through the concrete yard with its strange black drawings sprawled across its whiteness. The weathered oak of the five-bar gate struck warm and rough upon her thighs. Carefully she picked her way over the rough ground where the sun had baked hard tangled hoofprints of last winter, and ran on into Home Field. She knew the smudges which were thistles. Avoiding these, her shortened moon-shadow danced before her as she ran.

THE voice of the nightjar now seemed less general. She was sure of the spot from whence it came, and hurried on, straight towards it. All the cows, except old Minnie, lay upon their warm beds by the hazels and watched her as she hurried by. Minnie stood apart, as was her habit, pulling herbs out of the hedge by the lane. Ragweed gleamed softly yellow, high as Sylvia's shoulder. She came to the barbed-wire fence, crawled under it, shoulders well down, then bottom down with legs trailing, and stood up.

The nightjar rattled on, and she could see the very spot, quite clearly, in the moonlight. Closer now, she could hear its wheezing, the waves of slight difference in the rattle as it breathed in and out. And yet, no more than twenty paces away, the grass short, the field plainly lit, she could still see no sign of the nightjar.

Then a curious thing happened. The spot

upon which she had fixed her eyes was not the right one. The song of the nightjar seemed a little further on. She fixed the spot again, and went carefully forward; but still it seemed a little further on. Once more she approached it. There was a lightning pause, and the song broke out, loud and clear, behind her. She turned—it was at her side. She turned again. It came from another direction, then another, and then stopped.

Sylvia stood in the silent night, and the field was wide and empty and white. Beyond the barbed-wire fence the herd looked up at her, and the vapour from their nostrils drifted between the hazels. Maples in the hedges dreamed away in hummocky lines, seeming to listen, and to watch, and to mock.

Sylvia stood still and wondered, her white nightgown like bleached paper on the hill. And then the nightjar sang again. But this time its voice came from Hyden Hill, on the other side of the woods sprawled dark on Pepperlands.

Sylvia did not give up. She ran up to the corner of Pepperlands, and down the twisty track between giant hazels and clayey banks, dry leaves still thick and soft about her feet. The moon hurried above the treetops, lighting her way. She came to two ash-trees which twisted out from the banks and marked the opening to Hyden Hill, and she ran out to the other side. The nightjar stopped almost at once, but it was not quick enough. It was further down the slope, beside the copse.

Sylvia hurried forward, although she was not so hopeful now. When she found the grass long, and a tangle of spear-plume thistle and tall weeds before her, she knew that she had failed.

NOW it was time for her to return to the farmhouse. She was a little nervous about being on Hyden Hill, for Hyden Hill was farmed by Mr Vincent. Although Sylvia knew the track leading to it, right down to the two twisted ash-trees at the end, she had never before ventured further. Daddy had always told her not to go wandering on other people's fields. Daddy had said that the keepers would not like it if they found her there. She was not quite sure who the keepers were, or what they kept, but Daddy's voice had been so deep and frightening when he talked about the keepers that she did not care to ask. She thought that they were big men



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who lived in the woods, and chased everyone off Hyden Hill.

Sylvia looked carefully over the slope facing the hill on which she stood. Under the moonlight it seemed pale mauve, with dark, purple patches where the clover was thick beneath wheat-stubble. A billion specks of gold-dust glinted there, and ricks, like a family of fat countrywomen with thatch bonnets agleam, huddled together and stared at her across the dip.

She hastened round the bend away from their silent watching, and, a little more nervous now, began to look for the track back to Pepperlands. A tall hazel-hedge faced her, running down the side of Hyden Hill, away down into Mr Vincent's fields. Her desire to find the track became more urgent in case the keepers were behind that hedge, watching her. She slowed down as the hedge came nearer. Then she realised she had missed the track.

She turned back, but again missed the track. Once more she came to the bend, and the fat old ladies in thatch bonnets stood staring. Sylvia had a nasty feeling that soon they would lift their straw skirts and come swishing down the hill after her. She peered into the copse, to try and see Pepperlands on the other side. Then she decided to go straight through.

Inside the copse she felt more secure. Dim, grey shapes of trees and shrubs surrounded her on either side. The quiet brush of branches smudged against the bright metal light in the sky. Stems of wild-rose were etched against the moonlight, the firm fruits upstanding, hard thorns sticking up like dark triangles. Her feet pressed into a cosy company of soft-grasses and old dry leaves. And then things began to happen.

A rasping curse hissed in her ear from the watching owl in the treetops. Its dim ghost fled in silence through the shadow-wreaths above her head. Frightened now, she could hear rustlings behind her, as if someone was trying to get into the copse the way she had come. She began to hear the beating of her own heart. Her voice froze even as she tried to call for Daddy. She plunged on.

Wild creatures rustled away from her on every side. Brambles wound about her ankles, tearing at her flesh, plucking and scratching at her loose nightgown. The copse became a nightmare of wooden ghosts and emaciated demons. The moon bobbed helplessly from side to side, trying to throw her a gleam through the tangle.

Suddenly she came upon white shapes like grinning masks all tumbled about in the undergrowth around her. The ground shook beneath her feet. She sank in, up to her ankles, and plunged headlong.

There was an awful knowledge of complete emptiness before her, and she was looking straight into the moonlit depths of an old chalk quarry. She remembered that Daddy had forbidden her to go into the copse because of it. Down, down it went, with a beech-tree on its very edge, its roots knotted fantastically into one side, and one mighty arm groping down through the emptiness in a weird and curious fashion. A clod fell out from beneath her, and crashed among the birches in the bottom. Trembling, she drew back, and at last found voice. 'Daddy! Daddy!' she screamed.

Pheasants set up a sudden clamour, like broken jugs being tapped in the woods, each a different note. There was an unaccountable thump behind her, a rush of whirling wings as some bird fled blindly into the darkness.

All at once she broke through—and there, on top of a slope she did not recognise, in the middle of the blackthorns, and gigantic against the white sky, stood a macabre giant with three gnarled arms, and a thousand woody fingers outstretched towards her.

She turned from it and fled, not heeding the stabbing spear-plume thistle, the nettles, the brambles tearing at her feet. By some evil magic, the copse still held her, and she ran swiftly along the edge of its blackness until she came to a point where three fields met in a triangle. In a corner of that triangle were three giant oaks, gnarled, rugged, huge, and squat. And there, deep in the deepest gloom beneath them, were three monstrous beings with twisted faces and broken arms, folded over with woody flesh.

Her stomach heaved, and a formless cry was thrown out from her, as she stood stock-still. The three creatures in the gloom just stood and stared. At last she turned away from the copse, and with the speed of the wind she made towards a lane. She did not know where she was, but the grass was very short, and multitudes of little shapes fled from her on all sides, low to the ground, and bobbed—bobbed—bobbed until they disappeared.

Coming to the lane, she rolled quickly under an American gate, and sped on. Her breath hurt her, her feet padded softly on the road as it wound away before her, a dim ribbon with



## THE GOLDEN EGG

hedge-shadows cast across it, the roadside grasses made of wool.

And then, peering gravely at her over the hedge, she saw a familiar shape—old Minnie, with her brown-and-white face, her one crumpled horn showing crooked against the sky!

Weeping her relief, she sobbed out the old cow's name over and over again, and, looking for a gap in the hedge, she clambered through. The herd rose in commotion to its feet. Lights were up in the farmhouse, and a storm-lantern bobbed its way towards her across the yard.

'Daddy! Daddy!' she called. Her father's answering shout was filled with his relief. She ran through the beasts, swaying like ships on their way down towards the yard, and Daddy put down his lantern and swept her up in his arms.

A NUMBER of puzzling things happened to her after this. While Mummy was bathing Sylvia's wounds and pulling out the thorns and warming her new nightgown, as soon as she was able she told Mummy all about her dreadful adventure. But Mummy did not seem to be able to understand all of it very clearly. 'What do you mean, love,' she asked, 'about the keepers with long arms—and what's all this about a golden egg?'

Upset as she was, Sylvia could still be astonished at Mummy's ignorance. 'You know, Mummy!' she said. 'The keepers,

Mummy, and the golden egg the nightjar lays when it sings! Hasn't Daddy told you?'

And then Daddy said: 'Well—she seems all right now, my dear—I think I'll be going on up!'

But Mummy said: 'Just a minute. Just let me get the poor little mite to bed—I want to talk to you.' And after Sylvia was safely in bed again, she heard her Mummy's voice going on and on for quite a long time downstairs, until she fell asleep.

In the morning, when Sylvia came down to breakfast, Daddy came in from the milking, smelling of the cows, and, wonder of wonders, what did he hold high between his finger and thumb? The golden egg! Eagerly Sylvia reached for it, but Daddy said: 'Be careful, gal—it's a bit sticky. I don't think it've been laid long, and the gold's still damp. But I do want you to promise me, Sylvia, that if ever you hear that old nightjar again you won't go looking for her egg.'

'I'll promise, Daddy!' said Sylvia, as the egg nestled in the palm of her hand. 'I'll promise.'

She gazed up at her wonderful Daddy with adoring eyes. As Mummy leaned over the fire to take the kettle off, Sylvia said: 'Isn't my Daddy a clever Daddy, Mummy!'

Daddy smiled a big smile and sat down. Mummy was making the tea, and her lips were tight.

'Mummy, isn't Daddy clever?' insisted Sylvia.

'Very!' she said.

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## April, May, June

*The silver-birch's green tips reach  
The sweet blue April sky;  
These two find kinship, each with each,  
As you, perhaps, and I.*

*The daisy and the sun in May  
Claim still a closer tie  
Uniting them the long gold day,  
As you, my dear, and I.*

*But June's rose that the dewdrop takes  
Close on her heart to lie  
A unity as perfect makes  
As you, my love, and I.*

C. M. BURRELL.

# A Japanese Saint

## *Dr Toyohiko Kagawa of Kobe*

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F. P. GENT

DR TOYOHICO KAGAWA of Japan calls himself 'God's Spendthrift', and when someone likened him to a fool, with a twinkle in his eye he replied: 'Yes, God's fool.' A listener having expressed his disbelief in miracles, Kagawa retorted: 'It is not necessary for me to go far afield in search of miracles. I am myself a miracle'—as indeed he is.

In season, out of season, he has preached and acted the Sermon on the Mount, believing it to be the one and only real solution to the problems of Japan and the world.

A contemplative, like many such he is notoriously energetic and essentially practical. He is a modern St Francis, who could now live in luxury, but who has chosen My Lady Poverty for his portion. He has lived a stormy life of trials and hardships, as did St Paul, and has had the adventurous career of a Livingstone. Like Brother Lawrence, he believes God is amongst the pots and pans of the kitchen, and, just as much, amidst the machinery and bustle of the modern factory and in crowded bus and train.

THIS great little man, just over four feet in height, is now sixty-seven years of age. He was the unwanted child, born of a liaison between his father, a high Japanese official, and a dancing-girl. Left fatherless at four, he was savagely treated by female relatives, often bruised physically by many blows, and hurt mentally by harsh and bitter words.

A new day dawned when two American missionaries opened their home to him as a student. It was the first time he had ever known what affection and tenderness meant. His melancholy was dissolved in the radiance of a new hope, and the hatred already growing up in his heart melted in the warmth of a great

love for all men. He was given a New Testament, and that decided him to become a practical Christian. He would take the Gospel where it was most needed and endeavour to live it out.

Nowhere was the need greater than in the terrible slums of Tokyo, some of the worst in Japan, if not in the world. In the midst of many squalid tumble-down shanties was a six-foot-square bug-infested hut, supposed to be haunted and therefore avoided, and to let. Kagawa took it in 1909, and often filled it with beggars and criminals. At one time it harboured himself and his wife, an old couple of seventy, a boy of eleven, a beggar woman, and a destitute woman and her four children. One night he shared his bed with a beggar and contracted trachoma, which has made him half-blind. His food was rice and, for a treat, dried fish; his bed, a mat on the floor.

There he lived the life of the worst, on an income of twenty-two shillings a month, which at one time he augmented by working as a sweep. He was often in danger because of drunkards, and his outspokenness at first made him many enemies; there were some who would gladly have murdered him. Once he was assaulted so violently that he lost some teeth, and had his jaw fractured, to the permanent damage of his speech.

The district was appalling. Ten thousand people were packed like peas in a pod, often living ten in a hovel the size of the one occupied by Kagawa. There was no ventilation, no sanitation. Disease and crime were rife, and all kinds of thieves, gamblers, murderers, and prostitutes were Kagawa's close neighbours.

Two things he saw were absolutely necessary. Individual help was one, so he watered his meagre meal of rice to share it with others; the other, a new sense of brotherhood and

## A JAPANESE SAINT

responsibility, which he endeavoured to inculcate by his own example.

Sitting on the floor, amidst all the distractions of the crowded room, he wrote a book, *Across the Death Line*, the story of the horrible slum. He used scraps of odd paper and bits of printed pages, for he was too poor to buy proper material. A publisher, hearing of his work for the poor and neglected, called to see him, and, finding him out, read what he had written. He was so moved that he left a substantial cheque as payment in advance. That book became a best-seller, and in a few weeks 250,000 copies were bought.

Kagawa was surprised to discover that people wanted to read what he had written, but now he wrote several other books, which eventually brought him a large income, 99 per cent of which he gives away. 'I enjoy poverty,' he says, 'and many possessions are to be deplored.' Once, someone having heard him read and comment on the Sermon on the Mount, asked him for his shirt, then for his coat and trousers, quoting the appropriate words of Scripture. He got them, and poor Kagawa wore a woman's kimono, which excited ribald laughter. Often struck, he never struck back. For fifteen years he lived in such surroundings and with people destitute and often depraved.

HE studied in the U.S.A. and saw that much-needed reform for his country was essential. He would cut short any academic discussion on minor ethical points by his fellow-students, referring them to the parable of the Good Samaritan as a practical proposition. Then he would go out to preach the Gospel by word and deed in the darkest haunts of crime and degradation. He knew that if it would work there, it would work anywhere—and it did. It was his 'little kingdom of the slums', that he yearned to turn into something more like the kingdom of God.

The authorities disliked his varied activities, and put him in prison. That only strengthened his determination to go on until there were changes for the better.

'The soil is God's footstool,' he declared, and because he believed that with all his heart and soul he gave himself to the cause of the land-hungry peasant with the same devotion he showed in his labour of love for the slums. In the overcrowded islands young people

were pressing into the densely-populated cities. Nothing but a great back-to-the-land movement could stem the tide, and, despite many vicissitudes, the movement was begun and finally triumphed.

In the 1923 earthquake a well-earned measure of recognition came to him. Thousands perished, and the destruction of countless frail dwellings demanded a clear head and outstanding ability if the tremendous task of reconstruction was to be carried out. The authorities now looked to Kagawa, and the Anti-Exploitation Land Act was the product of his brain, for which he worked in close association with the Premier.

Then another urgent demand was made upon him. The newly-formed Welfare Bureau, a project after Kagawa's own heart, and one that would scarcely have been conceived but for the example set by his sacrificial social conscience, offered him a post as Director. He refused the proffered salary of £1800 a year and a car, but accepted the job. Thus he was able to do much to destroy the slums in many cities, and to dispel the menace of widespread unemployment and distress.

Once a dockyard strike developed, and the workers made him their leader, though he was strongly against this. He was beaten up by the police, and again dragged to prison. Another time 35,000 angry men armed with bricks and iron bars were ready for any act of violence. They believed that if they destroyed the employers' machinery, they would destroy capitalism. Kagawa stood on the centre of the narrow bridge leading to the works where the machinery the men were determined to smash was housed. He said nothing, but stood and prayed, and the mob turned tail.

Pearl Harbor was a great blow to Kagawa, and this time he was imprisoned for opposing the war. At the conclusion of hostilities he did a great work for peace, with the result that Japan has had no army, no air force, and no fleet. It is a no-war nation at present.

Kagawa formed farmers' co-operative societies, which included medical services, credit, rural housing, crop insurance, and other highly beneficial schemes. Much of this work was undone, and his institutions destroyed, during the Second World War. But now his co-operative societies have come back with renewed strength, many schools for workers have been restarted, village industries have been revived, and, despite physical handicaps

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which would of themselves be enough to daunt any man, Kagawa still goes on.

To-day, half-blind and never entirely without pain, with heart and lungs affected, his activities are still endless. His motto is: 'Give yourself freely to the service of others without reserve.' His whole life has been dedicated to the needs of the downtrodden. He has been offered many honours by the Japanese Government, but has refused them

all. He desires to serve his fellows for nothing, because he believes that to proclaim the brotherhood of man by word and deed is the greatest thing of all.

Without minimising the wealth of sacrificial service poured out for the betterment of mankind by many others, surely Kagawa stands pre-eminent in the world of to-day for his costly contribution to the welfare of the teeming millions of his countrymen.

# Sheep-Shearing in South Australia

R. S. PATMORE

NEARLY a hundred miles on the way north from Adelaide, South Australia, the bitumen highway curves sharply and follows the perimeter of a small plantation of Scots pines. On the south side of the plantation a drive leads from a lodge of pink stone to the mansion-house. The original house was built more than a century ago by the first settler, an Englishman and grandfather of the present owner. Since then many additions have been made and now it is a substantial building of pink stone, quarried from a near-by hill, with white verandahs and balconies on all sides and roofs of silver aluminium which glisten in the sun. The house is well protected from the noise and dust of the highway by the surrounding plantation and stands within five acres of lawns and gardens. The wattle-trees and mimosas both contribute their blaze of colour and, in August, the almond-blossom is very lovely. Here and there are olive-trees, and at the back of the house there is an orange-grove. In the front, following the conventional English pattern of the 19th century, the carriage-drive sweeps around a circlet of lawn. A monkey-puzzle supplies a further air of substantiality.

At the northern end of the plantation another road leads to the farm-steading.

Again the design is very English. The old buildings are also of pink stone and built in a square formation. Originally, stables were on one side, carriage-houses on another, loose-boxes and saddle-rooms on the third. The wall of the mansion gardens formed the base, one corner leading to the horse-yards and the other opening on to the road. Now, however, the stables have been converted into a machine-shop and the carriage-houses are used to garage the cars and buckboards. High above the tree-tops and the house-roofs, a windmill keeps turning, pumping up water from the storage-tanks in which it has been collected from the roofs. Scattered here and there are the houses of the station-hands, some built of the same pink stone rammed into mud, others, more modern, constructed of wood in bungalow pattern.

The road leads past the farm-buildings, down a slight hill, and across a creek to the shearing-shed, the sheep-yards, and the shearers' quarters. Here there is great activity. The shearing-gang is expected the next day and the owner is supervising the preparation of their quarters. He is not the lean, weather-beaten Aussie usually associated with the outback. Like his dwelling, he has grown to be substantial. He wears a

## SHEEP-SHEARING IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA

collar, but no tie, cord trousers and elastic-sided boots, and that sort of leather coat with belt and zips which is favoured by the new Australians. Now he is smoking a pipe, but in the evening he will relax and enjoy his cigar.

He watches his station-hands, some of whom are busy scrubbing the floors of the shearers' house, erecting iron bedsteads and making them ready with mattresses, blankets, and snow-white sheets and pillows. Others are in the kitchen burnishing the pots and pans with sand and water and polishing the cutlery. After the last shearing the cook left all these utensils in a filthy condition. He will do so again. But nowadays the shearers call the tune, and the Boss is determined not to give them any cause for complaint. He knows that if the cook should decide that the pots and pans are dirty, then the whole gang may up and away before they even start to shear! Only the year before, one of the gang discovered a small crack in their mess-table and shearing was delayed until American-cloth was obtained with which to cover the table-top. These days it is quite impossible to replace a shearing-gang at short notice, so it is little wonder that the Boss awaited the arrival of his shearers with as much trepidation as a teenager when she gives her first party and fears the supercilious sneers of her guests.

**T**HIS is a stud-farm and ram lambs are to be shorn first. In the afternoon ewes and lambs are brought into the yards and the lambs drafted from their mothers. Seven shearers are expected who should shear two hundred sheep apiece, so fourteen hundred lambs are got ready to be put into the shed, under cover from the rain, and ready for the morrow's shearing. Two old tame bell-wethers are brought along to lead the lambs up the race and into the shed, but even with their aid it is found difficult to entice the lambs to enter. However, the Boss has a trick up his sleeve and he sends his men off for their tea. At dusk they return and hang hurricane-lamps here and there in the shed. In the half-light of their glimmer the lambs scamper into the shed and chase up the aisles without more ado.

Late that night the shearers arrive, and in the morning six cars are parked outside their quarters. Two are new cars, which cost close on two thousand pounds each, several are utilities, and all are in excellent shape. Shearing is due to commence at seven o'clock,

but it is an hour later before the mechanic starts up the engine and the shearers stroll over to the shed. Two shearers are absent, and one is drunk. A table-hand also is propped against his table so drunk that he cannot stand without support. But in spite of these handicaps the bell clangs at half-past eight and shearing commences.

Number one shearer walks across the board into his pen and picks up his lamb. He pulls a cord and his machine whirrs. With seemingly effortless strokes he takes two blows up the belly, in contrast to the conventional down-stroke used in shearing older sheep, follows the curve of the body, around the thighs and the legs, and in a moment he is taking that long sweeping cut from the tail to the head called 'the long blow'. In less than three minutes he has shorn the first of the two hundred lambs which he will shear that day. The fleece is lifted from the floor by a rouseabout and thrown on to a table, where it is dealt with by the wool-classer, and later baled for dispatch to the wool sales at Adelaide.

Meanwhile, the owner is intent upon jolly along the shearers' Swiss cook, who is demanding saucepans of the oddest sizes and complaining of the quantity and the quality of the milk. The shearing-gang has taken over. Their mechanic is in charge of the machinery. Their wool-classer superintends the get-up of the clip, one of the rouseabouts marks and weighs the bales, and the contractor is responsible for the standard of shearing and the handling of the sheep.

**T**HROUGHOUT the shearing the owner makes no contribution and seems resigned to keep away from the shed, thankful that the shearing has commenced and is continuing without interruption.

This attitude calls for comment, because those graziers who are able to offer a gang of shearers twenty or more thousand sheep to shear in one shed would seem to be in a strong position, especially in contrast to the small farmers or 'cockies', who can only offer a thousand or so. When employed by the big graziers the shearer is able to get a straight run of sheep for perhaps a month, whereas with the cockies much time is lost in travelling from shed to shed—and in both cases the price per hundred shorn is the same. But shearers will work for cockies without demur under conditions which the pastoralists would not dare



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to offer. In fact, the extensive graziers are finding labour so difficult that they are pulling down their large sheds. On one station the shed in which the total of 80,000 sheep used to be shorn is now reduced to shearing 20,000, and three other sheds have been built at different points on the identical property. The explanation given for this change is that the trouble-maker can sow seeds of discontent more easily and more successfully in a large than in a small gang.

Probably the cause of the shearers' antipathy to the grazier is the memory of former conditions, and especially the result of the stupidity of the pastoralists in failing to offer to compromise cheerfully when conditions were changing and the shearers were discovering their newly-acquired power.

Twenty or thirty years ago most graziers employed native labour to manage their stock and to do their routine work. They engaged white men only to shear or, perhaps, to fence or erect windmills. In those days it was the custom for the native boys to eat their meals beside the woodpile, whilst the shearers ate in any odd shack, and the jackaroos and overseers dined in the kitchen. The shearers slept on cyclone beds, with coconut-matting for a mattress, and a perforated kerosene tin, suspended aloft, served as a shower. The other arrangements were equally primitive. The owners were inaccessible, remained aloof, very often refused even to talk to the shearers, who were forced to voice their complaints through the overseer.

In those days there was little organisation amongst rural workers. The cost of initiating and operating a union was very great and lack of communication between workers in the different homesteads made the formation of associations a difficult task. Shearers travelled from station to station on horseback, or, when they fell on evil times, on foot. Later, when the tracks became more defined, cycles were the popular mode of transport, but to-day, as we have seen, improved roads and prosperity make car and truck the universal form of travel.

In 1907, when Mr Justice O'Connor promulgated the first pastoral award, the principle of the basic wage had not been enunciated by the Court and His Honour made no attempt to relate his calculations to the general level of prices. He realised that machine-shearing had been introduced into the sheds and that the pastoralists were putting heavier fleeces on

the market. Deciding that the practice of payment of piecework had given general satisfaction, and taking into account the average earnings of the other Australian skilled workers, he concluded that twenty-four shillings per hundred sheep shorn would be a rate that, when the new conditions were considered, would give the shearer approximately the same return that he enjoyed in the years immediately preceding the depressed 'nineties. This rate had been twenty shillings per hundred sheep shorn.

The table below, taken from Foenander's *Solving Labour Problems in Australia* (1941), shows that there is a recognisable relation between the shearing-rate and the price of wool. That relation is far from accidental and has come in for judicial comment from time to time.

Date of Award	Shearing-Rate (Per 100 sheep)	Price of Wool (Pence per lb.)
1907	24/-	10-73
1917	30/-	16-71
1927	41/-	20-49
1932	27/3	8-72
1937	35/-	12-51

THE Boss had sold his wool-clip of the previous year at more than 100 pence per lb. Now the Court had fixed the shearing-rate at £7 per hundred sheep shorn. But for stud-sheep especially high rates are fixed, and he paid as much as £13 a hundred for some sheep. At the end of the shearing, for four weeks' work, he handed his number one shearer a cheque for £360. This man's annual earnings exceed £3500. Indeed, the award is based on an estimated average tally of 620 sheep per week, which shows that few full-time shearers, even at minimum rates, earn less than £2000 a year. In spite of these high earnings, which give the wage-earner a generous share of the puffed-up cake, discontent is widespread, and the state of the industry to-day belies the contention that high wages make for a happy ship.

It is true that the work is hard, very hard. Chills and rheumatics, and also, it must be said, alcohol, take heavy toll, and many men are forced to give up when quite young. Meanwhile few young men are entering the industry, and as the average age of their shearers creeps up, station owners are wondering how their sheep will be shorn in ten years' time.





## The Homespun Virtue

C. B. ACWORTH

THE virtues have their times and seasons like anything else, and those which were fashionable a century, or half-a-century, ago are less so to-day. Hope is one which has taken a pasting under the impact of the atomic age; and that homespun virtue which our grandparents regarded as the very cornerstone of family integrity, thrift, is almost discounted. It belongs to yesterday—our yesterdays. Brought up as we were in the rigid standards of a small township of the east of Scotland, where the ancients prided themselves less on what they had done than on what they had not done, on lifelong abstinence from frivol, from travel, from personal embellishment, we had ingrained in us habits of economy unknown to-day. And yet by the standards of our youth we were lax indeed, for we had one major indulgence—we travelled abroad. The local centenarians, and we knew three, roundly condemned us, small fry that we were, for the fact that our mixed Franco-Scottish blood meant an annual journey to our mother's country. There was much comment in the neighbourhood that our good father did nothing to discourage the 'foreign' habits of his wife, that he permitted, nay was indifferent to, these journeys.

France was a far country. Unmindful of the traditional friendship between France and Scotland, the elders remarked on the oddity of things which were said to happen in France. How surprised these settled ancients would have been to find that our French grandmother shared to the full their own distrust of travel. How even more surprised to learn that that distant, and unpredictable, race held just as much as themselves a high regard for rigid economy, a love of knowledge for its own sake. And how thoroughly did we, the children of mixed blood, distrust and misunderstand the airy, hit-or-miss attitude of the English towards learning; how much resent the casual manner which led one to suppose the English ignorant, only to find that this irritating mannerism too often hid the possession of rare degrees in the arts and sciences. It seemed to us deceitful.

EVERY June we left the greying skies of the north for the warmer airs of Auvergne. Each time Grand'mère welcomed our arrival with thanksgiving for perils safely passed. Her house, built by our family and inhabited by them for four generations, breathed permanence, stability. In the spare room

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allotted to us a steel engraving of the Empress Josephine faced the portrait of great-grandfather, wide-eyed in silk petticoats and a feathered hat, a small, intensely solemn boy. In the corner of the salon stood our great-grandmother's spinning-wheel, for we were provincials, proud of provincial skills, and on a side-table lay the engraved mother-of-pearl counters in their lacquered box, with which innumerable children had played counting-games. We were allowed forty-eight hours to recover from the journey, and then Grand'mère set us to work, for it was a cardinal point of our holiday that we should return with evidence that we had not wasted time. Not merely that, our work had to be done without the outlay of a single coin, for 'something out of nothing' was a tag beloved of Grand'mère, and her daughters.

And what did we not manufacture! Our fingers wove and plaited, snipped and stitched, with never-ending industry, and no boy ventured to raise his voice in protest against handwork he might have thought 'girlish'. Grand'mère herself was the repository, if no longer the practitioner, of the arts of an earlier age. Gilt frames in the salon held her paperwork pictures, and in her bureau drawer, unused now that her sight was failing, lay the hooks and pins with which the ladies of her own youth had made, from their own long hair, watch-chains for their husbands and brothers. Straw-work, pressed flowers, cork-landscapes, shell boxes and seaweed platters, we made them all, graduating from the fringed paper spills which were a beginner's effort to such specialities as the postcard baskets of which Tante Madeleine was our instructor. Hexagonal, made from picture postcards pasted back to back and then joined to a cardboard base with velvet ribbon lacings, these were almost the peak of our production, and many a view of Edinburgh's Castle Rock or of the Arc de Triomphe ended as part of a basket. Useless for anything other than the lightest contents, they were used for containing Grand'mère's immense correspondence.

It was Tante Madeleine, again, who taught us to make lavender pineapples. On a summer's afternoon we would sit out under the lime-trees, cut lavender piled on a cloth before us, while Tante, her black skirts kilted under a wide apron, would tie the hard green stems into bunches, the cotton beneath the flower-heads—so, the stalks bent back over them again—so, and narrow ribbon laced in

and out between the stems until a firm knobbed head had been obtained. Thus, and thus alone, could the scent be preserved, and Tante had many things to say, none complimentary, about those who sought to keep mould from their linen by the lazy throwing of shredded lavender and a few spices into muslin bags. Still again, it was Tante Madeleine who taught us the intricacies of embellishing blotters with skeleton leaves, gathering those of a good shape and throwing them into bowls of rainwater. At the right moment she would descend upon the bowlfuls, which by this time had spread an odour of decay throughout the entire boxroom, and pour off the greenish slime, extracting the skeletons, which we mounted on blotter covers and then varnished. It could not be said that we shone at this particular craft—our skeletons exhibited mortality and little else.

Grand'mère had a younger daughter in the neighbouring convent, Tante Marie, or, as we knew her, Mère Marie des Anges. She was no whit behind the rest in fabricating something out of nothing at all. The white earthenware jars the Sœur Cuisinière used for preserving plums would sometimes find another use on the convent mantelpieces, religious cut-outs pasted on their sides and their mouths filled with bouquets of virtually-everlasting dried grasses. To Mère Marie also the nuns owed the little cork grottoes which dotted the convent grounds—we collected the corks from unnumbered bottles of Graves as the raw material for these—some worn by time, others angular in their newness, each sheltering a picture or statuette, and topped by little pinnacles of glittering tinfoil. And then there were the vases on which broken china scraps were set in a putty ground, so hideous in themselves that no industry would excuse their fabrication. We gave the ungrudging admiration of childhood to each and all, and would return from a visit to the convent filled with the evil spirit of emulation. Mère Marie had said, for example, that scallop shells could be turned to a number of decorative usages. With an eye on the Jerusalem basket we had to take home at the expiry of our visit, filled to the brim with handwork, we were always scouting for new ideas. No miser could have counted his coins with greater care than we did our completed arts and crafts, for each, we hoped, would take up sufficient space in the basket to obviate yet another being made.

## THE HOMESPUN VIRTUE

GRAND'MÈRE made but two journeys in the year—one on her doctor's advice to a small but excellent spa, the other, on her confessor's, to a famous shrine. The second one was planned to coincide with our return to Scotland, so that she could see us at least part of the way on our return journey. It could not be said that we looked forward to this with the same pleasurable anticipation as that which we felt on our outward trip, for Grand'mère did not travel lightly, in any sense. There was a cramping solemnity about the preparations, almost one of cautious foreboding, and Grand'mère herself entered upon twenty-four hours of régime before departure, fasting and dosing undertaken in the privacy of her own room.

We did such packing as would have sufficed for a journey to the Antipodes, for to our weighty baggage, and to the Jerusalem basket, filled at last after a final marathon race to provide the wherewithal for the top layer, were added such trifles as long strings of sugar-candy against train sickness, cotton-wool for ear-stops, and hard-boiled eggs in cornets of stiff blue paper.

Our departure day was surveyed at dawn by the gardener, with due appreciation of its weather prospects. We rose ere day had barely come, with the result that long before the flacre arrived we were a prey to those jaw-breaking yawns which follow on too early a start and too small a breakfast. Thus a certain dullness lay over our farewells, blunting our perceptions of the inevitable wrangle over the fare and the disposition of the luggage. Only the distasteful pungency of the stale straw on the flacre floor roused us to conscious aversion. Grand'mère always wore cloth gaiters for this initial stage of the journey, holding that only thus could fleabites be avoided—and she had reason. Our arrival at the station was tinged with melancholy. Not only did Grand'mère begin to speculate as to whether she would live to see us arrive next year, but she was also preoccupied with instructions to Tante Madeleine as to the tickets; and such proxy offices recalled to her her widowhood, the lack of a man's supporting arm, of a man's voice to deal with the insolence of cabbies. Suddenly unhappy herself, she would then render Tante the more so by assertions that she had let herself be cheated over the change.

Only when we reached the platform did a more cheerful note supervene, of greetings

given and returned, of civility from Monsieur Aboutit the stationmaster, instantly at our elbow. A parsimonious state department furnished him on taking office with a braided frock-coat and cap, and thereafter omitted their renewal. With equal economy, M. Aboutit refrained from wearing either save on occasions of real importance. We held a position midway between the common herd, who neither expected, nor received, civilities, and M. le Préfet, for whom full regalia had to be donned; and thus on our appearance M. Aboutit would issue from his office in his everyday jacket but with his official cap, making respectful answer to queries as to his familiar well-being, while by glance and gesture he recalled to Bicoque the porter the need of the steps for madame's convenience.

Railways on the provincial lines had, at least in those days, few conveniences. The short calico curtains which shaded the windows were thick with dust, the hygienic amenities were seldom present, and the compartments perched at a height above the platform required an ungainly scramble. But for the aged and infirm one facility was provided, and Bicoque would arrive at a hurried shamle carrying an erection of four wood steps garnished with fragments of carpeting, designed to bridge the gap.

This once in position, and buttressed on the one side by M. Aboutit and on the other by Bicoque, Grand'mère would slowly rise on to the first step, while, from the compartment above, Tante Madeleine, whom custom required to proceed there unaided, would add her leverage for the breathless moment when, one gaitered and booted foot having reached the carriage floor, the other, and rheumatic one, had to be raised to join it. It was at a moment such as this that Bicoque, ex-cavalryman, had so far forgotten himself as to cry: *'Courage! En avant!'*—unseemly interpolation that Grand'mère had not forgotten, though she tried hard to forgive. Had there been any other available support beyond our small and uncertain shoulders, his services would have been dispensed with, but we were both thin and diminutive, and Bicoque, physically at least, a tower of strength, and Grand'mère always hoped that a marked restraint of manner would prevent any repetition.

Hers was not the only sigh of relief when the compartment was reached. Foot buffets had to be placed in position, curtains drawn to

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avoid the curious eye, and we were instructed that the precious basket was to be held on one or other of our laps until home was reached, to obviate any possibility of damage to its precious freight. Tante Madeleine was ordered to provide us with sugar-candy at once, and as the train drew out Grand'mère would draw breath for a final counselling; and a final ordeal—for *les cousines* had yet to be met . . .

AT a provincial junction some sixty miles on we would be met by these two maiden ladies, our grandmother's first cousins, who escorted us on to the main-line express for the coast, in company with their equally elderly maid, whose duty it was to see us on to the ship, Grand'mère and Tante meanwhile continuing their journey in the local train to the designated shrine. It would have seemed to all outward appearance a harmonious family arrangement, and only we, the blood relatives, knew the barbs which underlay the smiles of greeting, for the cousins never took a holiday away, and the shade of inflection in their welcome showed a pity for *notre Charlotte*—it always surprised us to hear Grand'mère addressed by her Christian name—who so far let down the family standard of economical living as to spend money on a vacation, even a spiritual vacation, away from her own house.

Cousin Eugénie and Cousin Sophie took a yearly holiday entirely within the confines of their own premises. At a fixed date each summer the house and garden doors were banned to all visitors for two weeks, and the signal for commencement was given when Adèle the maid was seen in the garden with a bundle of ropes and sticks which evolved into a small tent, an absurd erection, faintly reminiscent of the circus in its fringes and striping. The day after this went up, the cousins vanished from the sight of their neighbours. The Place d'Armes, the orphanage where they dispensed liquorice sweets and cotton drawers, the Avenue Maréchal Ney, knew them not. Adèle rebuffed all callers. No, the demoiselles were *not* at home—they were on holiday.

One was left to hazard how they spent their time. Now and again a murmur could be heard over the wall—Mlle Sophie reading aloud from Fénelon, Mlle Eugénie reading aloud from Racine to her sister, and sometimes the tinkle of a guitar had been heard;

but even the most careful observation from the top windows of the next house had failed to pierce the screen of greenery or afford more than the most imperfect glimpse of two figures dressed in India muslins long outmoded.

At the end of the allotted time the garden door would once more be flung wide, and the cousins would appear like giants refreshed. This might seem too robust a term for their thin tenacity, but no other could convey the vigour with which they would fling themselves into parish affairs. M. le Curé needed a helper for this or that? They would do it. Mme Bolivard, poor afflicted saint, had had triplets? They would provide extra layettes. *Les enfants* were on their way back to Scotland? They would meet us, and it would be a renewed opportunity for showing poor extravagant Charlotte the physical benefits of staying at home. They were able, and only too anxious, to exhibit themselves to Grand'mère in the full flush of refreshed holidaymakers, and we gave an unrivalled opportunity. It was a situation no words could ever mend, and one which had to be lived through in silence.

We were, in any case, in no condition to comment, exhausted by the homily with which Grand'mère had filled the mileage, a lecture based on the absolute need of our impressing our Scottish relatives with the fact that we had not wasted a moment of time, nor spent a single coin which could have been better saved. We faced this in silence, perforce, since our mouths were stuffed by gobbets of sugar-candy, and only too well and painfully aware that once we got home there would be many a piece of pawky humour on our supposedly-lavish holiday abroad, many a dry joke on the allegedly-spendthrift habits of foreigners, and did we show never so widely the products of our skill, now lying heavy on our knees, they would not suffice to change by one jot or tittle the opinions of those who teased us. A great gulf of disbelief lay between the two nationalities which comprised our family, a gulf which existed, however, only in the two nationalities' own imaginations, for were not their thrifty habits in actuality identical?

AH well, it is all far off and long ago now, but clear in the diminishing glass of childhood's memory as are few later happenings, and as I write this, not in France, or in

Scotland, but in the torrid heats of the Far East, I see that thrift has not entirely vanished, for our Chinese amah is engaged in picking to pieces an apparently-empty soap-powder packet, prior to swishing the pieces of card-

board through the washing-water so that no single grain of soap, however small, however unobserved, shall be wasted. It is a gesture that would have gone straight to Grand'mère's heart . . .

## The English Garden

GEORGE GODWIN

THE earliest English gardens of which we know are those of the mediæval monks. Most of the Orders imposed on their members the duty of cultivating the monastic gardens. The brethren grew fruit and vegetables and medicinal herbs, kept honey-bees and fowl, made and stocked ponds for Friday fish.

These monkish gardens were walled and laid out in a formal way. They achieved beauty, as it were, by accident, for their purpose was utilitarian. From them, through the centuries, have evolved many famous gardens that flourish still—those of Syon, Beaulieu, Woburn, Burghley, and Audley End, for example.

Successive foreign influences have moulded the changing pattern—Italian Renaissance, the French, Dutch, and Chinese styles.

Early Italian gardens stem from Greek and Roman styles. Xenophon wrote of the gardens of the Greece of antiquity that served to furnish floral offerings to the gods. Our gardens, then, are of ancient pedigree.

The Tudor period brought the first radical changes that modified the monkish pattern. Henry VIII imported Italian workmen to make the gardens of fantastic Nonsuch, in Surrey; Hampton Court, too, the work being directed by the great Wolsey in person. It was the period of dovecots, mazes, bowling-greens, labyrinths, artificial vistas, and so on.

The typical Tudor garden was rectangular, with broad central walk and walks all round, the whole wall-enclosed. Such a garden was

Syon. This famous garden was laid out by Dr William Turner, author of *A Newe Herball* (1551), and famous as 'the Father of English Botany'.

Throughout the 17th century garden formalism was the rule. The landowner bought a 'work' on the subject and then set to work. Markham's *Whole Art of Husbandry* was a best-seller. It ran through fifteen large editions. Historical factors hastened the processes of change. During the Civil War many magnificent Tudor formal gardens were destroyed. Soon thereafter came a new foreign vogue, fostered by Charles II, who wished to emulate the glories of Louis XIV's Versailles.

Le Nôtre, who laid out the gardens for the King of France, laid out also those at Vaux and Chantilly. He went in for vast open parterres, sweeping vistas, fountains, statuary, and pavilions designed for play and love. Granted his genius, Le Nôtre did not always escape a certain excess, a formalism alien to growing things.

To this great landscape gardener Charles II sent an invitation to come to England. It is said that Le Nôtre designed St James's Park, but this is uncertain. However, after a while the artificiality of the Frenchman's style bred reaction. Garden-lovers began to crave for something rather nearer nature. Nevertheless, the revolt against severe formalism did not swing to an extreme of wanton freedom, but to a note of *décor*, or play. Now came a craze for topiary work, imported from Holland, and



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reflecting the Dutch love of neat and homely decoration—with absurdity just round the corner.

A firm of landscape gardeners, London & Wise, saw a fortune in the Dutch fashion and pushed it hard. Bushley Park thus came into being. During the reign of William and Mary the Dutch influence continued, and topiary work became something near to art. Box, yew, and holly were found to lend themselves best to the shaping-shears.

The French landscape-gardener did not have to consider space economy; but the Dutch worked on a far smaller scale, that of the gardener for whom the tulip is the giant of the flower-bed. Yet the Dutchman craved ornament, and so shaped his birds and beasts, made shell arrangements, and sometimes little shell grottoes. This vogue influenced the English garden very greatly. It was Pope who set the fashion by building himself a large Dutch garden, complete with every absurdity, his 'masterpiece' being a grotto made of shells and pieces of looking-glass. All the thing needed for perfection, he averred, was a good statue 'suggesting a Nymph of the Grot, those sacred springs of sleep.'

IT was at this stage that William Kent put forward a new idea of what a garden should be. He approved neither of the old formalism nor of the what-nots of the topiary and grotto schools. Kent was off on an entirely new tack.

A word about the man is necessary. Kent was an unsuccessful painter. While travelling in Italy he had become enamoured of the romantic beauty of the land. He admired greatly the Italian scene as depicted in the paintings of Nicolas Poussin, Claude Lorraine, and Salvator Rosa. Kent must have reasoned somewhat as follows: Why not paint a landscape by composing one—a sort of three-dimensional picture in the style of the romantic painters of Italy and France?

The idea was attractive. It was to take the natural scene and decorate it by rearrangement and ornament, much as a child might dispose of toy models, trees, hedges, houses, and so forth. In a word, Kent proposed to paint the English scene into a semblance of the Italian. A wide sweep of lawn was to Kent as offensive as inappropriate nudity: it needs must be clothed to become charming, clothed with trees, little streams, contrived undulations,

bogus ruins, cunning cypress glades, and useless broken bridges.

Whereas formerly the garden had reflected the architecture of the great house, the new style of Kent and those who followed him aimed at identifying the garden with the natural scene: it was to be Nature, improved by man, the creative artist.

The false romanticism of Kent swept the country. It led to great extremes. For example, at Leasowes, in Worcestershire, Shenstone made a 'Sentimental Farm', an absurdity intended to evoke the melancholy emotions by means of urns, weeping-willows, tiny purposeless dells.

Kent was engaged by Lord Cobham to lay out the gardens at Stowe. This he did, peppering them with little temples and similar architectural follies. And it is at this point that the most curious figure of all comes into the record—namely Lancelot Brown. He worked under Kent at Stowe, took in his master's ideas, improved upon them.

Brown prospered. He set up for himself. He was consulted by the nobility and landed gentry. He would consider a garden and give his verdict—it had 'great capabilities'. Hence his nickname 'Capability Brown'. Before the end, this extraordinary man, with but little learning, had reshaped more than a thousand great gardens, wiping out all trace of Tudor or Elizabethan layouts, condemning every straight line, all sweeps of lawn, anything approaching the geometrical. He ruthlessly destroyed the great garden at Syon, so that to-day only a single mulberry-tree survives his enthusiasm: it is the oldest mulberry-tree in England.

As he made money, Brown rose in the world. His clients were the noble and the rich. They liked him. He amused them. The King made him head gardener at Hampton Court. He tinkered with Kew. The Tsar of Russia consulted him about the gardens of Tsarskoe Selo. Brown deemed that job worthy only of a deputy.

Capability Brown changed much of the face of rural England. He had talent, but he lacked fundamental knowledge and a sense of history. He was at his best with contrived water-effects. For example, his management of the river at Blenheim, where he dammed the little Glyme and made a splendid lake for Vanbrugh's equally splendid bridge.

Against his achievements have to be set his destructive activities—the massacre of stately



## THE ENGLISH GARDEN

avenues of trees, for no better reason than that they were straight. It is said that old gardeners wept at his approach.

Some idea of his conceit, that grew, watered by Fortune, can be gauged by Brown's response when invited to go to Ireland to lay out the Duke of Leinster's great gardens. The terms were £1000 the moment he set foot in Ireland, and thereafter the 'cost of all that he should undertake'. Brown replied: 'I have not yet finished England.'

Other notable work done by Brown was at Fisherwick for the Earl of Donegall, at Burghley for Lord Exeter, at Broadlands for Lord Palmerston, at Benham for Lord Craven, at Trentham Hall for the Marquis of Stafford, at Compton for Lord Willoughby de Broke, and at Ugbrooke for Lord Clifford.

But even in his own time Brown had his critics, notably Sir Uvedale Price, who attacked the new landscape school. Scott saw through it when he wrote: 'It is not simplicity, but affectation labouring to seem simple.' In France, however, Rousseau commended the style, and in Belgium the Prince de Ligne had his great gardens at Ligne laid out à la Brown. The municipality of Paris followed suit, and so we have the little Parc Monceau. In Germany the philosopher Kant praised the work of Brown and his imitators, and so there may be found, even to-day, in most German towns an 'English Garden'. Thus a vogue imported from the Continent by Kent was re-exported with embellishments and additions.

**A**NOTHER foreign factor played a part when the China tea trade was established and the clippers of the East India Company were importing, along with the new drink, many things Chinese. For centuries the Chinese had cultivated the formal garden. Wrote Goldsmith: 'The English have not yet brought the art of gardening to the same perfection as the Chinese, but have lately begun to imitate them.'

This Chinese influence was generally expressed in ornamental trees and decorative, but functionally useless, buildings. The Pagoda at Kew is an example of the Chinese influence of this period.

After Capability Brown came another not-

able landscape-gardener, Humphrey Repton. He was a better educated man than Brown and his work bears the imprint of a disciplined mind. He may be said to have been the last of the school of Kent.

The Victorian period was one of close association between architect and landscape-gardener. The architect now began to consider the garden as an extension of the mansion, requiring to be laid out so as to secure the harmony of the whole. Many very fine gardens were constructed during Victoria's reign. Trentham, in Staffordshire, the work of Sir Charles Barry, and Penshurst, in Kent, designed by George Devey, are examples.

Next came another natural genius, namely Sir Joseph Paxton, son of a Bedford gardener, who had risen to become chief gardener to the Duke of Devonshire. At Chatsworth Paxton designed the great conservatory, three hundred feet in length, and the model for his famous Crystal Palace.

The rise of the opulent Victorian middle class produced the urban garden, now familiar in most towns and cities. Most prosperous merchants and professional men of that time had charming urban gardens, with lawns, trees, glass-houses, and, here and there, a summer-house. At Denmark Hill, Ruskin's father laid out a garden that was almost a miniature small-holding, complete with good stabling, cattle-sheds, piggeries, the whole covering several acres.

Two World Wars, transforming the national economy, have exerted influence on the form of our present-day gardens. The lordly pleasure is on the way out: the small-scale, well-designed garden is coming in. The late Sir Edwin Lutyens was one of the first of modern architects to employ and work with a skilled landscape-gardener—Miss Jekyll. So, too, Sir Reginald Blomfield studied the garden in relation to the house for purposes of unity and harmony.

To sum up—the English garden began with utilitarian preoccupations and evolved under cultural trends, of which the landscape school was chief, to a final form determined by the economic factor. The English garden of tomorrow will be, perforce, the reflection of an age of simplified living, imposed by barbarous taxation.

# Stone-Wheel Standard

## *Yap's Remarkable Currency*

GEORGE M. FOWLDS

AMONGST the small islands captured by the Americans from the Japanese in the Second World War was Yap, one of the Pacific Caroline group, lying to the north of New Guinea. Early in the First World War, along with its powerful wireless-station, it had been taken by the Australians from the Germans, to whom with the other Carolines it had been sold by the Spanish in 1899. Its disposal occasioned quite a lot of discussion at the Versailles Peace Conference in 1919, and it is reported that few of the delegates knew where the island was. In the end, much to the objection of Australia, it was placed under the mandate of Japan, an action heartily regretted in the Second World War.

YAP means 'the land', and the island is notable because on it was operated one of the strangest and dimensionally biggest currencies in the world. The islanders' money tokens consisted of large stone wheels which were obtained from the island of Guam, 400 miles away across stormy seas. The stones, consisting of a crystallised carbonate of lime, were up to 12 feet in diameter and weighed as much as two tons. Many lives were lost in transferring this cumbersome money, for sometimes of twenty canoes which might set out, only one would return. The difficulty of procuring the money accounted for its high value as a medium of exchange.

During the period of the Spanish occupation, a rascal of a buccaneer once freighted hundreds of wheels to Yap in payment of copra and other things. This must seriously have depreciated the currency. The largest wheel ever made, over 20 feet in diameter, capsized in the harbour when being transferred from the buccaneer's schooner.

WHEN a large debt was being paid in stone-wheel money, a tree was placed through the centre hole of the wheel and a hundred men removed the stone to the treasure-house of the new proprietor, where it was placed near the front entrance to indicate the wealth of the owner to the world at large. For smaller transactions people paid with wheels about 15 inches in width, and those measuring about a foot wide were valued at about £15. For petty change shells of the pearl-oyster were used, and barter was also practised.

The great stones were owned not by individuals but by the communities and were parked alongside the all-men club houses. Outside the ordinary homes, wheels from 2 to 5 feet high were lined up, but smaller ones, down to 6 inches in size, were kept inside. Money in such a form was, of course, rarely stolen, as it was hard to slip away with half-a-ton or more of rock under one's arm. Further, the details of size, stratification, etc., of every wheel were memorised by the owner, who would quickly recognise his own, and the larger wheels were naturally known to everybody. As each family died out, its stones were quarrelsomely claimed by others, and as house after house decayed, the wheels would pile up around the homes of the survivors.

In recent times, the populace having shrunk to half its size, while the supply of money remained the same, Yap currency became inflated. To-day the mint is idle and no more stone money is being coined by this remnant of a Polynesian people. In Britain people used to complain about the cumbersome crowns or five-shilling pieces—but how would they have liked to roll around coins of from half-a-foot to twelve feet high?



## Devil-Donkey

MORGAN CAMERON

I WAS on the Far East run at the time, and homeward-bound—my ship being a large cargo-passenger freighter. Our next port of call was Madras, from which we were scheduled to bring home a famous menagerie that had been on a world tour, though all hands but the keepers had already left by an earlier ship.

There were distinct signs of uneasiness among our passengers when they learned the nature of our next intake of cargo, and I had to endure a barrage of questions, all expressing various possible dangers—if the elephants stampeded, if the lions or tigers escaped from their cages, and so on. All these expressions of doubt I met with my most reassuring smile and the comment that, as no such happenings were likely to occur, there was no need to worry over the possibility of them.

Immediately we had docked in and tied up, work began on the job of bringing the animals aboard, for I was anxious to get off again on the next tide. With this in mind, the job had been well thought out beforehand, and it was decided to handle it in two sections—the caged animals to be brought aboard first, then the uncaged ones to be walked on to the deck. Everything proceeded satisfactorily and it seemed fairly certain we should accomplish the task well within time.

When all the caged beasts were safely aboard, there followed the first of the uncaged—a string of six elephants. I have always had a sincere regard for these animals, especially since being told by a mahout that I was one of the few white men he had known to have the 'affinity' understanding of them. How wise and careful were these great beasts, as each in turn crossed the specially-strengthened gangway planks from quayside to deck. They were certainly taking no risks! Each step forward was made with careful precision, and the weight slowly transferred to the advancing foot. There followed a few seconds' pause, while the foothold was tested; then came the next step forward, with the same care and deliberation. There was a feeling of general relief and satisfaction when the six were all safely aboard and had been led away to where stalls had been specially erected for them.

All the remaining animals came on without delay or fuss, until only a big grey donkey was still on the quay. Feeling now that everything would be ready for sailing within half-an-hour, I went below with our agent to carry out the necessary signing of documents. All things having been completed, we came up on deck and shook hands. But as I watched the agent depart down the gangway, my eye was

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caught by that donkey—not yet aboard—while around him a battle royal appeared to be raging.

THIS was most annoying—and it was evident that trouble lay ahead, for Neddy looked a truly fearsome little beast as he lashed out in all directions with his fore and hind legs, his ears almost flat back, and the whites of his eyes blazing. Impressive evidence of his fighting abilities was provided by the crowd of cursing native dockers, many of whom were nursing injured arms or legs. Little intelligence was required to grasp the fact that Master Neddy had no intention whatsoever of allowing anyone to lead him aboard.

Immediate inquiry of the other animal keepers elicited the information that Neddy's own keeper was now in hospital, having only that day received a specially spiteful kick from his charge. But upon my urgent request that one of his brother keepers should attend to Neddy there was instant and unanimous refusal; neither did they offer the slightest hope of picking up anyone ashore who could be responsible for him.

They further explained that Neddy was no ordinary donkey; he was the star attraction of the circus show which accompanied the menagerie. It seemed that members of the audience were invited to ride him, a reward of £1 per minute being offered to anyone who could remain on his back! The keepers assured me that this donkey could make the most vicious bucking bronco appear as the veriest tyro in the art of dealing with any presumptuous human who dared to try to ride him. Among themselves, they had for him a variety of names, but their general opinion of him was unanimous—apparently there had never before existed such a skinful of packed diabolical purpose as was to be found under the hide of this donkey. Teeth, legs, and hooves were all directed to the machination of murder.

And I could well believe it all, as I watched the antics on the quay below. It was absolutely exasperating, as well as ridiculous, that the whole ship should be held up by that small object of perversity on four legs. Those of the dockers who had not already been knocked out in the struggle were still making valiant, though more distant, attempts to placate the fractious little beast, and I now shouted down

to them to get a move on. Once more they closed in—but again Neddy was soon glaring malevolently at the bruised specimens of humanity scattered around him.

This was beyond a joke. The temptation came to me to leave the brute behind, but a certain sense of duty, coupled with pride, forbade this. Yet *something* must be done. 'Get a girth under his belly,' I yelled down, 'and we'll heave him aboard by one of our derricks.'

The dockers stood silent for a few moments, glancing at each other, then their leader looked up at me and answered despondently: 'Yes, Sahib Captain—but who put girth round him?'

After much racking of brains and discarding of the more dangerous suggestions, this problem was finally solved by getting a blanket thrown over Neddy's head and shoulders. Momentarily, he stood still, and a double sling was quickly slipped below him, tautened up, and hooked to the derrick cable. A few seconds later our rebel found himself swung up into the air and then lowered over that portion of the deck reserved for our uncaged animal-passengers.

But our troubles were not yet over. No sooner had Neddy's feet touched the deck than he began his prize-fighting tactics once more. However, we were now gaining experience. He was raised up a few inches by the derrick, and the blanket again thrown over his head. Fortunately, the place reserved for the little devil was directly in front of where the derrick cable now hung and, still suspended, he was easily swung into this pen. Then the derrick-man, cleverly letting out his slack with a sudden rush, tumbled Neddy neatly into place, in a heap, giving us just time to unhitch the sling, get the derrick cable and hook out of the way, and make fast the pen-gate—a section which dropped into slots. With a heavy sigh of relief, I gave the order for the ship to cast off.

Our charge soon rid himself of the blanket about his head and the sling around his body, and then proceeded to find out just what could be done in the way of kicking his pen to pieces.

As we watched him, there came to me the thought that we should probably be in for the same tantrums upon reaching Liverpool, where this little horror had to be disembarked, and there and then I made my intentions clear to my first mate. 'See here, Mister,' I told him, 'as soon as we're safely tied up at home

the first bit cargo to go off this ship is to be that damned donkey. Understand?'

'Very good, sir,' replied the mate wearily, and without enthusiasm.

THE weather was good, and the run home made especially interesting by the menagerie. Neddy himself remained a perfect terror, and but for the entertainment provided by the other animals, most of all the elephants with their diverting ways, it is highly probable that he would have had us all completely distracted by the end of that voyage. As it was, Chips was driven nearly crazy patching up the sorely-abused pen—from outside.

It was more than any man's life was worth to endeavour to renew that donkey's bedding, while his daily allowance of fodder could only be pushed over the top of the pen. All that he would allow to be held for him was his drinking-water—and this *had* to be held, or he would refuse to drink, but kick the bucket around until it was quite shapeless. He chose to remain docile while the pail was lowered to drinking level over the pen top—and he was very dainty about his drinking, taking as long as possible over it. But the moment he thought he'd had sufficient he would wheel about like lightning and endeavour to kick that bucket right into the face of the holder.

These, and similar capers, did not help to endear him to the members of the crew detailed to serve him, and their collection of very uncomplimentary epithets increased daily in force and feeling.

One of Neddy's favourite pastimes was to set up a really dreadful discordancy of braying, which seemed to have in it all the hereditary notes of alarm passed down from remote ages. One thing was quite clear—it evidently conveyed to all our other four-footed passengers the message that the ship was on fire, or perhaps just on the point of sinking, and the massed effect was stupendous, resulting in a state of hysteria among all the other beasts, especially the monkeys. The elephants showed their apprehension of something untoward by trumpeting and by shuffling their feet; while the roaring of the lions and tigers, the whinnying of the horses and ponies, the terrified shrieks of monkeys, and the growls of bears, all rose in a crescendo of pandemonium and fear.

Whenever the slightest quietening was noticeable, Neddy brayed out a few more

warning peals, and the chorus of terror swelled louder again. This would go on until the little devil's enjoyment of the joke broke out in a loud 'Hee-haw! Hee-haw!'—being quite obviously raucous laughter over the amount of hubbub and commotion he'd been able to stir up.

These little performances of his were put on at any time of the day or night, but preferably during the first few hours after midnight, when the general effect was heightened by the confusion of darkness, by half-dressed keepers hurrying among their charges, both caged and uncaged, as they tried to calm them, and by nervous passengers rushing up on deck, to die in the open rather than below.

During one unforgettable performance, our overwrought bosun, clad only in the scantiest of night attire and swearing dire vengeance, took a stick wherewith to beat into silence, or at least into a different note, this mocking disturber of our peace. But he failed to land a single blow, for, upon sighting the stick, Neddy began furiously to kick to pieces one side of his pen—and the bosun fled, fearful that the devil inside would escape and pursue him!

The jaded Chips was then called from his bunk to effect immediate repairs, while Neddy was held off by other members of the crew with boathooks. It was small wonder that the bosun several times muttered, in my hearing, his wish to be permitted the use of a revolver. The hint was plain enough, though I had, of course, to ignore it.

THEN one morning, when we were ploughing along through the Med., word was brought to me that Neddy had died, quite suddenly. It seemed almost incredible, but I hurried to the pen, and there, sure enough, Neddy lay stretched out without any visible signs of life. Even his breathing seemed to have stopped—but I couldn't help feeling doubtful, especially as the keepers obviously felt the same way.

Meanwhile, passengers crowded round the pen to see that alleged rarity—a dead donkey. Amongst them was an Indian Army cavalry captain, who professed to have some veterinary knowledge. He now entered the pen with a courage that earned him full marks, and stooped over the still form to begin his examination. At that moment, Neddy sprang to his feet—and the alacrity with which the



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gallant captain left that pen was a sight to remember!

There was something particularly galling about that donkey's raucous 'Hee-haw! Hee-haw!' after any spectacular performance; he managed to make it sound so derisory.

Little was left of the original wood of his pen by the time we reached Liverpool, but poor Chips's haggard countenance brightened every time he remembered that his daily heart-breaking chore had practically ended. Neddy's energies had used up all the suitable spare wood that we carried, as well as a lot of emergency deck planking, and latterly it had become difficult to find anything of sufficient size and substance. When the purser's report went through, the company felt obliged to render a special bill to Neddy's owners, to help compensate for his playful little ways during the voyage. He had certainly enjoyed himself immensely!

I WAS still determined, as we docked in, that Master Neddy should be the first item of cargo to leave the ship; then our minds would be easy while attending to all other matters.

So we set about the job, with a display of confidence that we were all far from feeling. Neddy was in great fettle, and to get at him now, in his confined space, proved a well-nigh impossible task. After several of the crew had been bruised or kicked, we had to call a breather.

Just then I heard myself hailed from the gangway-head and, looking round, saw an elderly man of stocky build, with a swarthy skin that seemed to hint at gipsy blood. He was wearing riding-breeches, with tweed jacket and cap, and he now announced: 'They told me down there that ye wanted to get that donkey on to the quay, Captain.'

'I do!' was my emphatic reply.

'Well, if ye'll cross my hand with a sovereign, I'll do it for ye—by myself,' he offered.

The man was evidently known to two of the crew, who now addressed him as Mr Lane, and tried to dissuade him, stressing that Neddy was a man-eater, and that it was nothing short of suicide to go near him.

But Mr Lane merely gave them a slow smile, while he awaited my answer. Although he didn't appear to be anything like the usual type of bronco-buster, there was a strange,

quiet sense of confidence about him, and, when he renewed his offer, I accepted it.

Now he had nothing but his own confidence and a walking-stick as he went across to Neddy's pen, where the donkey had worked himself up into a furious rage—whites of eyes rolling, ears flat back, teeth bared in an ugly grin, while every few seconds his hooves beat a resounding tattoo on the confining planking.

Mr Lane walked close to the pen, leaned his arms on the top, and surveyed Neddy steadily for about a minute, while he addressed him with short, sharp words. Then suddenly he undid the gate and, walking calmly up to Neddy, began pulling his ears and then stroking him with long sweeps from head to tail. As we gazed in amazement, the ugly grin disappeared from Neddy's face, and he began nuzzling up to the man, who quietly took in one hand the rope halter, which had hung useless from the donkey's head ever since we left Madras, and then held his stick on the other side, as though to represent a second rein.

While we all stood gaping in wonder, he gave the clicking sound which we interpret as 'Gee-up', and calmly conducted Neddy out of his pen, along the deck, down the gangway, and on to the quay, where he tied him up safely to a ring inside one of the sheds. Some of the keepers, who had witnessed this performance with the same amazement as myself, begged the man to wait and meet the Boss, who, they assured him, would make it well worth his while to stay with Neddy. But I never knew whether he did or not. Perhaps other donkeys needed him.

Meantime the purser had passed me the sovereign for Mr Lane, and, on handing it to him, I offered him five more, if he could tell me how he had been able to subdue Neddy.

But his large, dark-brown eyes only looked into mine with a gaze that held both pity and some unfathomable knowledge, as he replied: 'You wouldn't understand, Captain.'

However, proudly remembering my faculty with elephants, I persisted: 'Surely you can tell me something?'

'No,' he answered slowly. 'You do not understand his kind—you have not the inner knowledge. But one thing I *can* tell you—you were afraid, and if you've as much as a pinhead of fear in you, the beast knows it. All of you were afraid of that donkey, and he *knew* it. I was not afraid—and he knew *that*, too. The rest you will not understand.'

## Twice-Told Tales

### LIV.—*The Siege of the Swallows*

[From *Chambers's Journal* of June 1855]

ONE morning our attention was aroused by an unusual clatter and, running out, we saw the stronghold of the swallows attacked by a troop of sparrows, whose obvious design was to gain possession of the ready-built comfortable nests. In spite of the gallant sorties of the garrison—in spite of their lightning sweeps among the enemy—the nests were sometimes reached, and received considerable damage; and although the besiegers were always driven back, they were always sure to return.

The brave swallows, it may be supposed, were much harassed; but by and by they had recourse to an engineering expedient, which shewed a very extraordinary degree of intelligence. The object of the assailants was to get possession of their fastnesses; and in order to render this more difficult, the swallows actually built up the door of their nests in front, and made an opening behind, where they joined the wall!

The chagrin of the assailants, when they discovered this clever manœuvre, was ludicrously evident; but nevertheless, with the obstinacy of true sparrows, they continued their attack with unabated vigour, repeatedly attempting to take the place by storm, and being as repeatedly repulsed. The conduct of one swallow was the special subject of our admiration. This champion posted himself within one of the newly-made doors, from which his tail-feathers protruded; and, well knowing that the sparrows would not hazard a personal conflict, there he remained with incredible perseverance, so far as we know, morning, noon, and night. To say that we watched him every hour of the day would be an exaggeration; but the tail-feathers were the first object we saw in the morning, and the last that waved over the retreat of the assailants in the afternoon.

Curious as it may seem, this singular siege continued, till the appearance of the young swallows shewed the assailants that all hope was over; and they at length took their departure, and we saw them no more. But the champion was not so easily moved. Perhaps he considered the young to be in danger; perhaps he had become accustomed to his gallant watch; perhaps he was proud of the distinction he had gained; perhaps—But we could not tell what might be his inducement; all we knew was, that whenever we chanced to look at the nest, there was he, as alert as ever, with the tail-feathers standing out in triumph from the door.

Surely this was a kind of monomania! We wondered what were really the hours he chose for his food and recreation; and the idea even occurred to us that his grateful brethren provided him with everything necessary, leaving him to indulge, as his sole pleasure in life, in recollections of his glory. Week after week passed away, but not so the tail; September came, but the tail did not go; the leaves fell, but the tail stood; and in October, when the colony flitted, this heroic sentinel remained behind.

Was he asleep? Had his feet been so long rooted to the spot that instead of migrating like the rest he had sunk into torpidity at home? Our curiosity was raised to the highest pitch, and at length, placing a ladder against the wall, we crept cautiously up. The tail-feathers did not stir, even when our breath was upon them; we touched them with our finger—they were cold and motionless. Dead! thought we—brave sentinel—he died at his post! We removed the nest gently, and bringing it down found the tail in it, but nothing more! Three feathers, arranged so as to represent exactly a swallow's tail, were firmly fixed in the threshold of the door!



## *A House in Benares*

A. G. P. PULLAN

THE house was small, two rooms only, with a door at either end, and other houses adjoining and overshadowing it on each side. At one time it had formed part of one of the other houses, and a communicating door in the inner room had been bricked up. But this house, cramped and inconvenient though it might seem, was of great value, for it was in the most sacred street of the holy city of Benares, close to the Golden Temple, and daily crowds of pilgrims, priests, and devotees jostled each other in the narrow street before the front door, and the door at the back opened on to the steps leading down to the Ganges.

The house had long been owned by a pious Hindu who had made it his last home that he might be sure of dying on the banks of the sacred river, and there he had breathed his last, drinking in the rich odours of ghee, molasses, marigolds, and jasmine, and hearing the sound of the bells of a hundred temples and the voices of the worshippers. With his last dying words he had prayed to the god whose image he had installed in the front room of the house, and the money which he had left for his funeral had sufficed to have his body decently cremated and his ashes scattered on the water, and to feed a hundred Brahmans who prayed for the soul of the departed.

RAMDATT BRAHMAN, the new owner of the house, sat at the open door and watched the crowd passing by, men and women, rich and poor, young priests and ascetics in saffron robes, naked fakirs carrying their tongs and a beggar's bowl, their hair matted and their bodies white with ashes, vendors of sweetmeats and flowers, and ownerless sacred bulls, and everywhere he could see Gangaputras, who claim to be the hereditary guides to all the holy places, accosting the well-to-do pilgrims, and soliciting and often receiving handsome presents for their services. But for him there was nothing.

When the house had become his a month before, he had believed that his dreams were realised, and that he had only to take up his stand at his door and collect rupees from eager pilgrims, but he had found himself faced with bitter and relentless competition. No sooner did he accost a likely-looking stranger than some Gangaputra hustled the man away, claiming his hereditary right, and beside the Gangaputras there were countless other rivals, rascals he felt sure, always before him in the collection of alms.

His mind went back six months to the strange story of his acquisition of the house with a perfect title. He had then been a

## A HOUSE IN BENARES

student finishing a course at the Sanskrit college. He was lazy and ignorant and without fortune. His teacher had asked him what he intended to do for a living, and he had replied: 'I shall stay here. Is not this Benares, and am I not a Brahman?' For he intended never to go back to his native Bengal; his family had tired of him long ago.

A few days later his teacher said to him that the government pleader, Pandit Gaurishankar, would like to see him. He did not know anyone of such high position, and was flattered when this prosperous-looking and intelligent man addressed him in kindly fashion, and asked him if he was much attached to his uncle who had just died in Benares. It was on the tip of his tongue to say that he had no uncle, but by the kindness of Ganeshji, the god of money-making, he said nothing, and the pleader went on: 'I have learned without doubt that you come from Jamshedpur in Bengal and are the nephew and only heir of Badridatt, who came to settle in Benares some years ago and bought a house here, to which you are clearly entitled. I have come to see that you get your rights. It will be necessary for you to carry out the funeral ceremonies, and then present yourself at the court and satisfy the judge of your claim. I shall see that there is no difficulty in your way.'

What was Ramdatt to do? What he did was to stammer his thanks, and in due course shave his head and mourn for this uncle sent from Heaven, and carry out to the letter the instructions of the kindly pleader. It is true that when he went to the court he learned that the deceased had left a thousand rupees in the bank and some valuables in the house, and for these, too, he signed his acknowledgment, but when he asked Gaurishankar when he should get the money, the latter smiled and said: 'You do not understand the ways of courts. All that money is swallowed up in expenses. You are lucky that you have nothing to pay, and you will find all the cooking-vessels and other utensils in the house.'

Ramdatt could say nothing. Clearly he could not court inquiry, and, after all, the house, with its two rooms and an idol in the front room, was in itself a fortune. But now he wondered when and how the fortune would materialise. For the time being he was getting fed like other Brahmans at the houses of charitable persons, but he had made no money, and the persons who came to ask about the house were always those who wanted to take

it from him. In fact, he found himself a hated interloper in a closed community of professional beggars.

THUS Ramdatt's reflections were far from satisfactory, but as he was looking up and down the street for a possible client, two unusual figures came in sight—a tall old man with a long white beard, clothed in white and leaning on a heavy carved staff, and a young woman, unveiled, with lustrous black hair tied in a knot on the nape of her slim neck. Her figure was graceful and her eyes downcast. Ramdatt knew little of men, and nothing of women, and when he saw the strangers his heart beat a shade faster, and he determined to accost the couple as they passed.

To his surprise, the old man addressed him first, and, speaking as one speaks in a foreign language, said that he and his maid were strangers in Benares and were looking for accommodation. As he spoke, the girl lifted her eyes and looked full at Ramdatt. It was for a moment only, and she looked down again at her feet in modesty or coquetry, but it was enough for Ramdatt. He felt that his house only must receive the pair. So he at once told the old man that his house had two rooms, that he lived alone in charge of the idol, and invited them in.

When they were seated, the men together and the woman behind, the old man said: 'It is right that I should tell you who I am and why I am here with this maiden. I am a member of a religious order in Bombay and was the head of a monastery with fifty monks. But they turned against me, declared me deposed, and drove me out. This faithful maid, Indramati, alone accompanied me in my flight, and we have walked a thousand miles to this sacred Benares, so that I may purge my sins in the river and seek the advice of heaven as to what I am to do now.'

Ramdatt was duly impressed by the distinction of his visitor, but he had the courage to ask whether he had sufficient means to pay for his accommodation. 'Have no fear on that score,' said the other. 'Money will be found. But tell me of yourself. You wear the saffron robe of the ascetic. How comes it that you live alone thus in a good house with these brass utensils and furnishings which I can see? Have you no spiritual guide? Your youth forbids me to suppose that you are already fully instructed in religion.'

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Ramdatt thought it better to admit part of the truth, and was relieved to find that the old man showed neither displeasure nor suspicion. On the contrary, he said: 'I myself want a disciple. It is not fitting that I should be attended by the maid only, and I am prepared to instruct you if you so wish.'

Now Ramdatt had already been pestered by the other Brahmans to say who was his spiritual guide, and he had been forced to say that he was the disciple of a famous man from a distant land, called Lachman Das. When he told the stranger this, he responded: 'What's in a name? No one knows me here, so while I am in Benares I shall be Lachman Das.'

Thus was the bargain made, and the old man and the maid stayed in the house, and each day Ramdatt acquired some knowledge from the former and became more and more enamoured of the latter.

**T**HOUGH they lived at close quarters, Ramdatt seldom saw Indramati alone, but one day Lachman Das had gone out on some errand, and he began to speak hot words of love to the girl. She gave him an appraising look, and did not respond to his advances. When a second opportunity came, and Ramdatt showed even greater desire, Indramati said: 'Men give a great price for what you want. What have you to give?'

He said: 'I have only my youth, and my love. I own nothing but this house.'

'Give me the house,' she said.

But Ramdatt, besotted as he was, would not do this. He turned away and did not reply.

When Lachman Das came home, he wore a grave look and said: 'My disciple, you are in great danger. I have heard speech among the Gangaputras. They were saying that they would have your house, even if it cost your life. You should therefore make sure that if some evil befall you, these rascals will not get the house.'

'But what am I to do?' cried the frightened youth.

'Make a will,' said the old man. 'Leave the house to anyone you care for, what matter who it may be, to save it from their clutches.'

Then Indramati gazed at him with a soft look in her great eyes and whispered: 'Why not to me?'

This was enough encouragement for Ramdatt, who reasoned: 'Surely she means that

if I make this will she will be mine, and what do I lose by leaving the house to her? I cannot take it with me when I die.' So he agreed. They prepared a will and had it registered, and Lachman Das signed the will as a witness.

**'NOW,'** said Lachman Das, 'we have taken measures in case it be God's will that you should die, and we must set about securing your life.'

Ramdatt heaved a sigh of relief. 'How shall we do that,' he said, 'when our enemies are so many?'

'We shall seek the aid of the authorities,' said Lachman Das.

'Not the police?' quavered the disciple.

'The police! What have I to do with the police? No, we shall go to the highest—the British Commissioner himself. We shall not name the Gangaputras—he would not take action against them—but we shall say that your life is threatened by the non-co-operators. All the British believe anything that is told them of those who are disloyal to their rule, so take pen and write in English a petition saying that your life is in danger because you have spoken in favour of the British raj, and that you know the wicked ones and their designs.'

Ramdatt had learned high school English before he went to the Sanskrit College, and Lachman Das had more than a smattering of the language. So between them they concocted a petition, not too clearly expressed, but making one thing certain—that Ramdatt's life was in danger from the enemies of the Crown.

Then they hired a carriage and drove to the Commissioner's residence. Here Lachman Das adopted a high tone. He demanded to see the Commissioner on a matter of great importance. The Commissioner's orderly was not impressed, but said that they could both be seated on the verandah and perhaps the Commissioner would see them, and perhaps not. The significance of this was not wasted, and finally Lachman Das produced five rupees. Then he was told that the Commissioner could give them five minutes, but when he was about to enter, carrying his great staff, he was told that he must leave that as well as his shoes outside. He was forced to consent, but left the staff as near the door as possible, hoping to keep an eye on it.

The Commissioner received them civilly and



## A HOUSE IN BENARES

listened to the petition read by the disciple. Then he said: 'You need have no fear. The arm of the Government is strong. You will be protected,' and rose to show that the audience was ended.

When they had left, he wrote in his diary that a strange-looking old man who called himself former head of a monastery had brought with him a shifty-looking young fellow whom he described as his disciple, who had read some absurd rigmarole about non-co-operators wanting to kill him. The Commissioner associated the non-co-operators with the doctrine of passive disobedience, and did not think it at all likely that they would murder anyone, let alone Ramdatt, and left the matter at that.

WHEN a week had gone by and there was no further move by the enemy, Lachman Das assured Ramdatt that his life was safe. 'I shall leave you,' he said, 'for two days and nights. I have a secret duty to perform, and I can take no one with me. The maid will cook for you, and will sleep in the back room.'

Ramdatt's heart leaped within him and he longed for the night.

After sunset the old man prepared to depart. He took with him nothing but his staff, and he stood for a time at the street door loudly blessing his disciple, and assuring him again and again that he was now safe from his enemies.

When he was gone, it was not long before Ramdatt approached Indramati. She said: 'Why this impatience? The night is long. Let me first cook your dinner.'

She had her way, and prepared cakes for him to eat and sherbet for him to drink. Then at last the way was clear, and he slept that night in her arms. But from that sleep came no awakening, for before midnight Ramdatt was lying dead in the doorway between the two rooms with a sword-thrust in his heart.

Before daylight the screams of Indramati awakened the neighbours, and soon brought the police to the house. The girl appeared almost distraught. She said that she had left the door bolted between the back room where she slept and the front room where the holy man was praying before the idol. At midnight she had gone down the steps to the river to bathe by moonlight. She had been there till the dawn was approaching, and when she returned she had found the corpse in the door-

way between the two rooms. Assassins must have come in by the door through which she had gone out, unbolted the inner door, committed the murder, and left by the door through which they had entered.

She seemed not only stricken with grief, but frightened of the anger of her master, who had only gone away that evening and loved his disciple dearly. She kept saying that she was to blame, the street door was always kept locked at night, and, had she not gone out to bathe, the poor man would not have lost his life. When the police found the will in Ramdatt's box and told her of her fortune, she was amazed. She protested that she was unworthy of such a gift and wept the more.

NOW a widow-woman named Dharmo kept a shop where she sold rice and flour to pilgrims, and the back of her shop formed the side-wall of the back-room of Ramdatt's house. The front opened on a lane down which the pilgrims passed to the river, and she had no access to the main street, and no knowledge of Ramdatt and his lodgers.

She had been greatly troubled by rats, and, in moving the sacks of grain stored at the back of her shop in an attempt to find their nest, had disclosed the built-up door which had at one time connected her shop with the house. One night she had seen a streak of light, and found what appeared to be a hole made by rats between her shop and the adjoining house. She had peeped in once or twice, but had seen nothing except a bundle of bedding and some cooking-pots.

But one night she woke up suddenly and heard what she thought was a groan next door. She saw a light shining through her peephole, and, when she went to look, she saw a man's leg stretched out in the doorway between the two rooms of the house, and, turning her head, saw a great figure in white with a long white beard standing in front of the back door, holding in his hand a long sword, and she saw too a maiden, not wearing the sari of upper India, standing by with a lamp in her hand. The lamp went out, and she saw no more.

She was so frightened that she made no sound. She was both pious and superstitious. She made sure that these were no mortals, but one of the gods, or at least a rishi, with an attendant spirit, and who was she to tell of the vision vouchsafed to her?

She closed her shop and went down to the

## CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

river. There she bathed and meditated, and did not return till the evening. It was not until the following morning, when all the pilgrims who passed her shop were talking of the murder, that she told anyone of her vision. But when the police inspector questioned her she described the figures that she had seen and still believed to be supernatural.

Thus it came to pass that when Lachman Das returned and went to the police-station to tell his story about the non-co-operators, he found himself detained, and when Dharmo saw him standing in a line of bearded men, she screamed and nearly fainted, for she saw in him her god.

In her confession, Indramati, who escaped the death sentence, said that her companion had been head of no monastery at all, though he had been a member of a religious order in South India. She did not know his real name or whence he came. She herself had been dedicated to a temple as a child, and this man had induced her to steal the temple ornaments and run away with him. They wandered over the greater part of Madras and Bombay, telling fortunes and supporting themselves by their wits. He always carried his great staff, which

proved to be a skilfully-covered sword. Finally, when his beard had grown long and white, and they had exhausted the possibilities of southern and western India, he had hit upon the idea of trying Benares, the favourite haunt of religious imposters, and they had come north by train. There they had found an easy victim in Ramdatt. Had the latter given the house to the girl, he need not have died, but when he executed the will, he signed his own death-warrant.

Indramati's story may well have been true, but she avoided giving any names, and her descriptions of places were too vague to be verified.

After the trial the lawyers agreed that the girl could not benefit by the will of the man she had helped to murder, so Pandit Gaurishankar had this time to find the heirs of Ramdatt. Strangely enough, he failed to find any, and the house escheated to the state. It was then sold by auction and purchased for a high price by a religiously-minded lady who gave a handsome commission to Gaurishankar and secured the salvation of her late husband and herself by making a gift of it to the Ganga-putras.

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### Fish

*Shrill telephones and zooming wings  
And cars that growl and grind,  
Because I do not like such things  
I must be out of mind.*

*I must be foolish, as you say,  
Or simple, if you wish;  
I plump for quiet any day,  
The perquisite of fish—*

*To lie at bottom of a pool  
Or fin my way upstream,  
To leap along the waters cool  
And lovely as a dream*

*With overhanging willow wands,  
The sallow in full flower,  
To contemplate aquatic fronds  
For silent hour on hour.*

*I must be simple, as you say,  
To have such foolish wishes—  
Only a lunatic would pray  
To live among the fishes!*

THOMAS ANSELL.

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## Science at Your Service

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### A CAR HOSE-BRUSH

FOR washing cars or other vehicles a new hose-brush combination manufactured in Europe is now being offered in this country. It is entirely flexible, and the brush bristles are doubled and vulcanised at the points of attachment to ensure security. In addition to the brush attachment for a hose, there is a dispenser attachment enabling detergent to be applied; the detergent is in the form of tablets, which are inserted in the dispenser. Both the dispenser and the hose-connection have jet-delivery points for removing mud, but there is also a projection nose-piece of flexible rubber which can be used to push away more obstinate accumulations. Two models are available, a short brush model and a standard model with a longer brush.

### FILLING BUILDING CRACKS

A new tube-packed plastic material is claimed to stop all holes or cracks in all kinds of building materials. It dries within an hour of application; when dry, its surface can be smoothed with a damp cloth for rough-edge removal, and when hard it can be further rubbed down with waterproof abrasive paper used wet. The plastic substance is resistant to alkalis and water and non-deteriorating. Any type of paint-coating can be applied to it.

### A PAINT FOR BOLTS AND SCREW-THREADS

A troublesome risk in many engineering fabrication tasks is the seizing or galling of threaded connections after exposure to heat. Disassembly is often made exceedingly difficult, for prolonged exposure to heat can produce a surface welding between the bolt or screw-thread and the metal surface holding it. To minimise this trouble, fittings likely to be exposed to considerable heat are often drawn up to low standards of tightness. A new liquid paint, to be applied to the bolt, stud, or screw-thread before fitting, is claimed to protect the thread against the risk of heat-induced welding. Protection is given up to temperatures of 1200° Fahr. The product is sold in tins of 1, 3, 5, and 10 lb., or as required.

### ELECTRIC SCISSORS

Swiss-produced electric scissors are being offered by an importing organisation. It is claimed that all types of cloth, from the most delicate silks to very thick fabrics, can be speedily and precisely cut. Operation is controlled by a button on the easy hand-fitting machine, and it is stated that no interference with TV or radio can be caused. Models for 100-120 and 200-250 voltage, A.C. only, are available, and a year's guarantee is given. The price is not unreasonable, and this new appliance cannot be regarded as outside the consideration of private users who do a fair amount of dressmaking or needlework.

### A SHOE-CLEANING BOX

A household article long in need of better design is the box in which shoe-cleaning tools and materials are kept. A British firm has applied some thought to this subject and produced a divided container not unlike a small lidless bread-bin in shape. The two sections of the 'bin' can be used for brushes and polishers; there is a rectangular pocket, also bided, attached to the front face, and each division will hold two tins of polish. The total size of the box is 7 by 5 by 7 inches. It is available in glossy blue, green, ivory, white, or red finishes.

### A STRAINER FOR TEA AND COFFEE POTS

A newly-introduced gadget is a filter or strainer for inserting into the spout of a tea-pot or coffee-pot. The straining is done by metal wires radiating from the end of a central stem, rather like an inverted long-bristled garden-broom; the outward thrust of these wires holds the gadget in position in the spout. The main stem lip-protrudes the spout and will endow the spout with non-drip pouring properties. It will not chill the tea or coffee during pouring as, being made of metal and placed in the pot, it will quickly acquire the same temperature as the pot and contents. The metal is rustless. The gadget can be simply and quickly removed for cleaning. The price is most moderate.

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### DEHYDROFREEZING

Dehydration and freezing are two different methods of preserving perishable foodstuffs. A new and not very elegant word, 'dehydro-freezing', has been chosen to describe a preservation method that combines both drying and freezing. It is particularly applicable to fruit and vegetables. Ordinary freezing tends to rupture the cells of these foods, mainly through ice-formation from water in the cells. This leads to rapid breakdown in texture and condition when the fruit or vegetables are thawed out for final use. A process of partial dehydration before freezing prevents most of the cell-rupture of freezing. Six food-manufacturing or food-distributing companies in America are already using the new process. It is more expensive than ordinary freezing, but this is offset by the smaller storage space and packing space needed as a result of the partial dehydration. Dehydro-frozen apples are said to have a much firmer texture when thawed out than freeze-stored apples, and also to have better flavour when cooked.

### RUBBER-ROLLER LATCHES

Magnetic easy-closing cupboard latches were described here in April. Another new form of latch recently produced is one operating by means of rubber rollers. Two models are at present offered. One has a single rubber roller matched by a metal lip; this operates on a spring-loaded action. The other has twin rubber rollers, one placed just above the other, and the gap between them receives a metal tongue. Both types are silent in action and firm shutting is secured. The twin-roller type has a self-aligning action. The metal parts are finished in either plated zinc or bronze.

### ALUMINIUM STEP-LADDERS

Aluminium is by no means a new material for ladder construction, but its use for making short, collapsible kitchen-steps is relatively novel. Models with 3, 4, 5, and 6 steps are available; for most modern kitchens, however, the 3-tread model should give ample height. The weight of this smallest model is only 9 pounds, although it has a wide platform top for standing, 14 by 8 inches, and the two lower treads are 4 inches wide. The steps have a rigid locking device, and contact with the floor is made through rubber studs. The steps fold flat when not in use.

### ENDING HOUSEFLIES

The household insect invasion has its high season in the second half of summer, and it persists well into the autumn. A British product now in its third or fourth year offers simple and tidy defence. It is in modern aerosol-can form—that is to say, the liquid insecticide is packed under pressure so that fingertip touch will open the release-valve to give a very fine spray. This product was one of the first to be packed in aerosol cans in this country. The insecticide is 'Lorexane,' which is more toxic to most insects than DDT; the liquid solvent used is quite harmless. If room doors and windows are temporarily closed and a few jets of spray are released, insects will not survive for very long; alternatively, the aerosol can also be used to aim a cloud of the fine droplet spray—e.g., at a troublesome flying bluebottle or towards a colony of mosquitoes on a ceiling or around a porch-light at dusk. 4-, 6-, and 12-ounce packs are available this year. The supply in a single can, even of the smallest size, will last a long time in the average-sized house, for the amount of material released is much smaller than it would appear, owing to the fine-droplet composition of the spray.

### A NEW LAWN-MOWER

The rotary cutting principle is adopted in a new motor-driven lawn-mower. Claims made for this machine are that it cuts long grass as easily as it tops a lawn; that it can be used right up to the edges of obstacles such as trees, rockeries, etc.; that it works backwards or forwards at any required speed; that by virtue of its recess-placed rear-wheels the blades can actually overhang edges, giving close-cut verges. The cutting-rate is 6000 cuts per minute, and the grass-cuttings are distributed evenly over the lawn in a pulverised state. The operating power is supplied by an 80 c.c. petrol-engine, and this, as is usual with motor-driven mowers, is run on a petrol-oil mixture. A large pulley assists easy starting. The main structure of the machine is built of pressed steel and is stated to be fracture-proof. The wide-tread pneumatic-tyred wheels will not mark the lawn. The width of cut is 18 inches, and rapid wheel-adjustment enables any cutting-height to be given. The machine handles are detachable for easier out-of-season storage. The cutting-blades are easily and cheaply replaced. For its price, this machine is exceptionally flexible and sturdy.

## SCIENCE AT YOUR SERVICE

### CHLOROPHYLL AND SILVER

Chlorophyll, the principal green pigment of plants, is a substance of mystery. Its natural functions in plant-growth are far from clearly understood, though there can be little doubt that it plays a most vital part in photosynthesis, the means by which plants acquire carbon from the air's small content of carbon dioxide. Chlorophyll, when extracted from foliage, is no less mysterious. Years ago it was claimed to possess healing powers for wounds, burns, etc., and it is still sometimes used for this purpose, though its effectiveness as a healing-aid is a matter of controversy. It has also been used in medicine as a mild heart stimulant, and here again opinion is divided as to its virtue. Some ten years ago, as a result of observations made during the use of chlorophyll in treating wounds, its sensational role as a deodorant was first recognised. The rapid commercial development that followed is well enough known. Chlorophyll products of many kinds were brought on to the market, and every real or potential source of odour in everyday life seemed to have its chlorophyll 'cure'. There has been a sharp reaction to this; excessive claims in advertisements provoked queries, and a number of scientific tests have cast some doubt upon the odour-absorbing capacity of chlorophyll. Once again controversy centred upon this natural substance. The truth probably is that chlorophyll does reduce odour in its environment, but that its power to do so is more limited than is claimed by enthusiasts.

Now yet another use has been discovered for chlorophyll—it protects copper and silver articles from tarnishing. This discovery has been recently made at the Chemical Research Laboratory of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. A number of substances were tested as impregnating materials for wrapping-paper to give protection against atmospheric tarnishing. Of these substances, chlorophyll proved to be one of the most effective. The tarnishing of silver or copper surfaces is caused by hydrogen sulphide traces in the air. Tarnishing is, for that reason, much more rapid in industrial

or heavily built-up areas. Chlorophyll acts as a tarnish-protectant, because it is able to absorb hydrogen sulphide. Silver and copper articles wrapped in chlorophyll-treated paper remained free from tarnish even when exposed to an atmosphere containing 80,000 times as much hydrogen sulphide gas as the amount normally present in an industrial town's atmosphere! Nor is there any need to wrap articles in chlorophyll-treated paper. If they are simply laid upon such paper, as would be desirable in a jeweller's showcase, the paper is able to absorb the hydrogen sulphide before it can attack the silver or copper surface. There is likely to be early commercial development of this government research discovery. Certainly it would seem that at last an everyday use has been found for chlorophyll that is unlikely to be exposed to doubt and controversy, for the experimental evidence is clear and convincing.

### REDUCING HUMIDITY

Overseas readers may be interested in a new British electrical appliance designed to dry humid air in tropical or sub-tropical climates. It is a castor-mounted cabinet occupying three cubic feet of space and resembling a radio-set or electric convection-heater in appearance. Air drawn into it is passed through cooling coils that remove moisture, dust, and pollen. These removed components of the tropical atmosphere are led to a water-drawer for disposal. The dried air then passes over the condenser coils and is returned into the room reheated to about its former temperature. The appliance can remove 20 pints of water from air during 24 hours of operation. The main constructional material is steel. The dimensions of the cabinet are 21 by 12 by 20½ inches; the weight of the appliance is 94 pounds.

In addition to the tropical use for which it has been designed, the dehumidifier could be used for drying air in damp workshops or storerooms; rusting of metallic parts in store, or total loss of stationery, often results from damp conditions in our own temperate climate.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, etc. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (and only if) a stamped addressed envelope or postcard for a reply be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 11 Thistle Street, Edinburgh. To avoid delays, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent if stamps, postal orders, or imperial or international reply coupons are enclosed for the purpose. The issue of the *Journal* and the heading of the paragraph in which the object of inquiry is described should be given in order to facilitate reference.



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## Improving Your Lawn

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THE lawn is undoubtedly the cheapest form of gardening. It is typically British, and is the envy of most of the nations of the world. It is a great mistake to ruin a lawn, however, by cutting it up in order to make those horrible crescent- and star-shaped beds. Such beds are not only hideous, but they are expensive to look after, for they have to be edged regularly. Furthermore, because the beds are there, mowing is made more difficult.

Do not make the mistake of overmowing a lawn. When this is done, the grass is kept so low that the prostrate weeds get a chance of establishing themselves. If the weather is dry, take off the grass-box so that the mowings can pass back to the soil and provide the organic matter needed. Again, do not make mowing a burden. Think seriously of buying one of the modern electric-mowers, which are to the garden what the vacuum-cleaner is to the house. There are little motor-mowers, too, which can be run all day at a cost of not more than half-a-gallon of petrol.

Still again, do not have a weed-infested lawn. Get rid of the weeds by using a hormone-type MCPA chemical, which can be bought under proprietary names such as Verdone. Add a tablespoonful of this liquid to 2 gallons of water, stir well, and then through the fine rose of a watering-can apply the dilution to 16 square yards. The killing of the weeds is a slow job and may take up to seven weeks. I therefore usually give another watering at the end of the seven-week period, and if I have to eliminate such weeds as yarrow, pearlwort, and clover, then I give a third watering seven weeks after that. Unfortunately it is necessary to repeat the treatment if rain should fall fairly soon after any application.

Very often lawns are spoiled because they have been rolled, and so the soil is too firm. It pays, therefore, at this time of the year to carry out spiking. A fork is plunged perpendicularly into the soil every 6 inches or so all over the sward. This provides the necessary aeration, and the results are very striking. If, on the other hand, you still have lots of worms in the lawn and you find the worm-casts

unsightly, then buy mowrah meal and apply this all over the grass at 4 ounces to the square yard, and water this in well. The worms will come to the top in hundreds, and may be swept off to go on to the compost-heap.

It may be you are one of those who have never given the lawn any food at all. You have realised that it is necessary to feed the other plants in the garden, but not the grasses. Get hold of a good fish-fertiliser with a low potash content, and apply this at 3 ounces to the square yard. Do not apply lime, for it is undoubtedly an acid soil which produces the ideal grasses. It is the weeds which require alkalinity, whereas the fine grasses prefer acidity. Some people, for this reason, apply sulphate of ammonia to a lawn at about an ounce to the square yard. They allow the crystals to lodge on the broad leaves of the weeds, where it burns them, but it trickles through the finer grasses and feeds them. In addition, of course, it tends to increase the acidity of the soil.

A practice which is often omitted is the top-dressing. And here fine sedge-peat will help greatly. There is one sold under the name of Humul, and this is an excellent turf soil-conditioner. It can be applied at about one 2-gallon bucketful to the square yard. This is very useful in cases where lawns have been down for a number of years and so are suffering from lack of humus.

Those who have just bought a new house and want to make a lawn should buy a seed mixture consisting of 70 per cent Chewings Fescue and 30 per cent New Zealand Brown Top. This can be sown at the rate of about 7 lb. per 100 square yards. The alternative is to have another mixture which consists of five parts Chewings Fescue, two parts creeping Red Fescue, and three parts of New Zealand Best. This is applied at the rate of 1½ oz. to the square yard.

I shall be glad to help readers with their gardening problems. Write to me through the Editor, kindly enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, M.B.E., N.D.H.

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